THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PROMISE OF THE AGE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

'Tis the fullness now of time,
And the world is sick with crime,
Sick with agony and tears
Struggling with a mighty reach
Up a steep and rugged breach
In the long wall of the years,
Hoping, dreaming that an Eden lies
Hidden somewhere yonder far from mortal eyes.

What is left to us from these
Dead and buried centuries?
Is there not some fruit divine—
Sombre grapes dropt long ago
From the iron boughs of woe—
From which angel feet tread wine?
Drink, O souls athirst in every sense!
This is the rare vintage of Experience.

Slow we trace by sands of gold
Where the stream of thought has rolled;
Deep, prophetic voices rise
From the depths of graves unknown,
And auroral lights are strown
On these interlunar skies;
Wierd symbols from Time's faithful memory,
Wherein the ages past figure the age to be.

Not much longer shall the thrones
Of tyrants stifle human groans;
Fate, with her divine decree,
Seals the past; the future stands,
Hope's bright anchor in her hands,
A nobler shape of destiny;
Slowly the dawn streams up the azure sky,
And all the winged white hours unto the zenith fly.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

On the evening of the eighth of July, while the Indians were sleeping over his proposal to attack the British the next morning, De Beaujeu had been busy reconnoitering the ground and selecting his point of attack.

His plan was, as I said before, to form an ambuscade at the second ford, dispute it as long as possible, and then fall back to the ravines on each side of the road and endeavor to make another stand.

It is not at all likely that Beaujeu promised himself anything more than giving the English a severe check, and perhaps delaying their march a few days, during which the reinforcements from Canada might possibly arrive, if they were ever coming.

His party had started before daybreak, but about three o'clock, before they reached even the point where the second stand was to be made, the music of the bands came floating and swelling through the cool morning air, mingled with the crash of falling trees, as the pioneers clove their way into the forest.

As these sounds reached his ears, De Beaujeu, who was dressed in a gay Indian costume, with a silver gorget on his bosom to indicate his rank as a chief, sprang in advance of his men and exclaiming—"Quick, my children, quick! they have passed the ford; let us reach the ravines before them," broke into a run, followed at full speed by his whole force.

In the meantime the British were advancing, a party of engineers, with guides and six light-horsemen in advance, followed by a detachment under Gage and the working party under St. Clair, who had with them two brass six-pounders. Then, at some distance, followed the line, headed by the light-horse, squads of whom also acted as extreme flankers at each end of the column, assisted by numerous flanking parties of grenadiers. Next came the seamen, and after them some grenadiers with a twelve-pounder. Then the vanguard, then the wagon and artillery train, and finally the rear guard, followed sullenly by the Virginians who had been thrust back there as of no particular use.

The greater part of Gage's command had actually passed the spot where the main battle was fought, still preceded by the engineers, who were marking out the road, when Mr. Gordon, one of the engineers, suddenly discovered a body of Indians, headed by De Beaujeu, bounding forward through the trees.

Perceiving them at the same instant, Beaujeu halted, and waved his cap.

The Indians instantly scattered right and left, and the next moment had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them.

Gordon (not Adam, who had been judiciously sent to the rear with the Virginians, as far as possible from the spot where he or they could be of any use) had barely time to give his eyes a rub to see if they had deceived him, when all along, on each side, ran the sharp crackling of rifle shots, the flashes darting up apparently from the bosom of the earth, accompanied by a hurricane of yells and whoops. For a moment, as the men dropped by dozens, the troops paused, aghast, and recoiled from the "jaws of death" into which they had rushed blindfold. Bewildered by the strangeness of the attack, and the impossibility of seeing any enemy to fight, by the infernal screams and yells, rising almost, as it seemed to them, from beneath their feet, as though all the fiends in Pandemonium were breaking from their prison into the upper air—it is no wonder that the soldiers, with Gage at their head, for one moment, gave back appalled.

Rallying instantly, however, they returned the fire, sending a shower of balls among the trees and through the bushes, but hurting nobody.

St. Clair now came up with the working party, and Gage ordered the force to advance at once upon the centre of the deep crescent into which the enemy had thrown themselves, and which was held by the few French who had accompanied the surprise party.

"We're outflanked," said Gage, "and must break our way through; bring up the guns, and be ready to clear the bushes with grape. Forward now! forward, men, and put up the noisy jackdaws."

"Where the d—l are they?" inquired St. Clair; "what kind of—"

"There they are, sir," answered Gage, as another double row of tongues of fire leaped from the bushes on each side, close to the ground, before which the solid column wilted down fearfully.

"Bring up the cannon," shouted St. Clair, now all alive; "depress the guns so as to sweep those bushes; now, let them have it right and left, cannon and small arms; ready, p'sent, fire!"

And then the discharge from muskets and cannon broke forth with a roar that drowned the whip-like crackling of the rifles that were playing such deadly music.

The storm crashed and tore its way through the bushes, sweeping down all who were unsheltered, among whom was De Beaujeu, who had sprung upon his foes to cheer on his men; it was followed by the snapping and rustling of the bushes and the howling of the Indians as they broke and fled in disorder, as much aghast as the British themselves had been at the first discharge.

Beaujeu being dead, his second in command, Dumas, with a young officer named De Ligneris, succeeded, however, in rallying them, and they returned to the work, flitting from tree to tree, or crouching below the edge of the ravine, their rifles resting upon it and sending their balls, with murderous precision, into the solid mass of men.

The 44th stood to the work bravely, for there was no better disciplined regiment in the army; but no discipline could stand such fighting as this, where nothing could be seen to attack, and where their repeated charges only brought death upon them from some new quarter, in which the dislodged enemy had taken shelter.

Braddock, who was in the rear, hearing the uproar, despatched the vanguard to the assistance of those engaged, ordering the rest of the line to halt.

Burton, who was in command of the detachment, pressed forward into the fire, and endeavored to form his men in the road; but before this could be done, Gage's party broke in a panic, and came rushing, pell mell, upon the half-formed troops, throwing everything into confusion.

By this time Braddock had come up, and strove in vain to separate the huddled-up soldiers who were helplessly receiving the murderous fire from the invisible enemy.

With a white handkerchief tied about his hat that the men might recognize him in the smoke, foaming with rage, the burly general spurred his horse from point to point, swearing, beseeching, striking men with the flat of his sword; his aids, Orme, Washington, and others, are with him, doing their best, but in vain. The soldiers, pent up in a narrow road only twelve feet wide, are all in confusion; every man loads and fires as fast as he can, chiefly into the trees, for they are bewildered and seem to have become possessed with the delusion that the enemy are hidden among the branches; the artillerymen are firing wherever they can see a flash or smoke, often mowing down friend and foe together.

Braddock's horse springs into the air and then falls dead, with his rider. An aid dismounts and assists the prostrate leader to rise and mount his own horse, while he hurries off on foot to try to rally some of the distracted men.

The general settles himself in the saddle, takes a huge pinch of snuff from his waistcoat pocket. Washington's horse rolls over with a rifle bullet in his head,—the active young officer throws himself clear of the falling brute, and rising, advances to the general, who is just giving orders to Captain Green to clear "those bushes" with the artillery—

"General," he says, "it will not answer; if you cut them away, the enemy can easily pile them up so as to answer for concealment; let me bring up the Virginians, who understand this work, and fight the Indians after their own fashion."

"Well, gentlemen," said Braddock to his officers, as he looked down from his saddle upon the tall young Provincial, "what do you think of this? By—— things have come to a pretty pass, when a young buckskin who never saw a pitched battle in his life, attempts to teach a British general how to fight!"

Washington's calm face flushed at the insult, but he took no notice of it, only adding,

"At least, your excellency, allow the men to shelter themselves a little behind the trees; you see how they are melting down under a fire which they cannot return with any effect."

"His majesty's troops shall not begin to skulk under my command, sir," answered Braddock, haughtily; "mount again and see if you can rally them."

Washington bowed his head in obedience to a positive order, mounted a spare horse and spurred away to his hopeless task.

The regular officers, the men, all besought him to follow Washington's advice; but the doomed commander, besotted by his notions of discipline, not only refused, but wherever he saw a soldier sheltering himself behind a tree, or bush, or log, spurred up and drove him out again into the fire, by blows with the flat of his sword.

And still the deadly rifles, by this time in the rear, as well as in front and on the flanks, were pattering away into the solid ranks, which were melting down under them like ripe grain before the scythe. The army was surrounded.

At the first volley from the bushes, Tom Lightfoot, who was at the head of the wagon train, sprang to his horses' heads to stop them, calling to Frank, to whom he had the evening before administered a sound whipping for running away and then ordered to keep with the team, that he might get into no more mischief—to cut the traces, and mount one of the horses and run for it.

The words were still on his lips, when a bullet struck him, and another at the same instant wounded the "off" horse, whose traces Frank was hacking at with his pocket-knife, the only weapon he had.

Springing back, as the poor brute's hoof, lashed out in his agony, grazed his head, he saw his brother reel back, with his hands thrown above his head in the involuntary effort to save himself, and then fall heavily upon the ground.

"Oh! Tom, brother Tom," exclaimed the boy, rushing to him and kneeling by his side, "have the devils hit you!"

"They're done for me, Frank," gasped the poor fellow, the blood pouring from his mouth in jets while he spoke; "it's all over with Tom Lightfoot; poor Sally! If you ever get back, Frank, tell her I loved her always; an' tell her I want her to forgive—"

A fresh burst of blood from the lungs choked his utterance, and with a sudden convulsive movement which turned him upon his face, Tom Lightfoot was where he would never hear Sally's earthly voice again. Let us hope that he heard it afterwards where grief and tears and bitter words never come.

For a moment the desolate boy remained kneeling by the dead body of his last relative, and then throwing himself forward upon it, burst into one of the passionate fits of crying I have spoken of before.

It lasted but a few moments, and then he rose to his feet, his face set with a hard rigid look, fearful in such a child.

"Lookee here; by the hokey!" he said, almost unconsciously using his quaint expletives, while speaking slowly to himself, through his closed teeth, "father, mother, brother; all murdered by the bloody redskins;" and turning away, he deliberately detached the cartridge-box from the body of a fallen soldier, paying no attention to the balls that were whistling around him, drew up the strap so as to fit his short stature, swung it over his shoulder, seized the musket, threw open the pan, saw that it was loaded, crept up to the wagon which was standing where it had stopped, peered under the body until he saw the scalp-lock and then the painted face of an Indian rise gradually above the edge of the ravine. Lying flat upon the ground, unperceived by the savage, he took a rapid aim and fired. The head disappeared, but he knew by the sudden howl that followed the shot, raised by those who saw the victim roll down the bank, that the first instalment of the vengeance he had nursed through long years, had been paid.

Reloading the musket, he hastened towards the rear, and hearing Adam Gordon's big voice through the din, off among the trees, he made his way towards the sound, and soon reached the spot, much to the astonishment of the "Buffalo," who had no idea that he was with the expedition.

He found, also, Eli, Philip, and Sexton, together with Diahaura and his band, all scattered among the trees, keeping up a brisk fire, whenever they could see anything to fire at.

The latter welcomed him with a few grunts of astonishment, and then addressed themselves to the more important business in hand.

Adam was more demonstrative. "Come here," he exclaimed, "you slippery little varmint; git behind that tree; now, what are you doin' here; where's Tom?"

"Kill," said the boy, laconically; "don't bother—missed, by the hokey!" he exclaimed, as he fired hurriedly at a shadowy form that was flitting across the space between two trees. "Lookee here," he resumed; "where's them Virginians that's used to Injin fightin'? The reg'lars ain't worth nothin'; they're jist huddled up in the road like a flock o' sheep, an' shootin' up at the sky."

"What about the Virginians, Frank?" said Morton, who was behind a tree near by.

"Why, lookee here," said Frank, "there's a whoppin' big pine log, five foot over, jist up on the bank yander, long enough for a hundred men to hide behind; if we could git to it we could pepper 'em beautiful."

"The very thing," said Morton; "off and tell them at once; my we'll join them."

Frank started at once and in a few minutes reappeared, followed by Captain Waggoner with eighty men.

The whole party made a rush for the log, which they succeeded in reaching with the loss of only three men, and posting themselves behind it, opened a destructive fire, which cleared the bushes in front of them at once.

The next moment, however, came the roar of several pieces of artillery, and a storm of grape shot hurtled along the log, killing fifty of the men outright.

"What's that from?" said Eli; "the Frenchers hain't got no cannons with 'em, an' the Injins don't know how to use 'em."

"It's from our own men," said Morton, bitterly; "the scared idiots take us for the enemy;" and rising to his feet, he shouted to the artillerymen, but his voice was unheard in the tumult. "Back, boys, back from the log! scatter! they're training the guns upon us again; jump!"

Not an instant too soon they fled from the only vantage ground that had been gained during the battle. Rolling, scrambling, leaping, running, they got out of range as another discharge of grape tore its way along the log, sending the bits of sod and fragments of bark flying into the air over the spot where the men had lain an instant before.

"Blast them skeared owls," growled Adam, "can't they see nothin'? If I had some o' their heads in reach of my rifle butt—"

"They are mad with fright, and don't know what they are doing," said Sexton, quietly; "we can do better service back among the trees than here; see, Diahaura is there already;" and trailing his rifle, Sexton, as coolly as though he was in the streets of Philadelphia, began to thread his way through the disorderly mob that was swaying back and forth in the road.

As he stepped behind a tree and began to reload his rifle, Braddock, who was accidentally passing near, spurred his horse towards him, exclaiming, with a storm of oaths:

"Skulker, what are you doing there? Back to the ranks!"

Sexton quietly raised his head at the sound of the general's voice, but stood still, ramming down the ball.

"I am not under your command, sir, and I prefer to skulk, as you call it," he answered, steadily.

Braddock looked at him for an instant, and then raising his sword, drove the spurs into his horse. The beast made a leap forward, but as he rose, a single sharp crack was heard from a tree about twenty yards farther within the forest, and the strong war horse plunged forward upon his head, hurling his rider over it and sending him rolling to the feet of Sexton.

The latter helped him to rise, and then said, as coolly as ever, "Your excellency has made a slight mistake; I do not belong to the army, and am responsible to no one but myself for my way of fighting, which I decidedly prefer, under present circumstances. Allow me to assist you to a remount," he added, catching a riderless horse which cantered near them with flying bridle, which he placed in Braddock's hand, and disappeared among the trees.

Braddock, though a good deal jarred by his fall, was not injured, and remounting, spurred back into the line to resume his efforts to restore discipline to his shattered forces.

So matters went on until late in the afternoon. Since three o'clock in the morning the devoted army had been standing under that murderous fire, all in confusion, but, true to their discipline, holding their ground until the order should be given to retreat.

The ammunition began to fail. Braddock had had four horses shot under him. Every aid but Washington had been struck down. He himself had had two horses shot under him, and his clothes were laced with the tracks of bullets. Nearly all the officers had sacrificed their lives in their endeavors to rally the broken troops. Scarce a third part of the army was standing, the baggage was furiously attacked, and then, and not till then, did Braddock order the drums to sound a retreat.

At the sound the poor regulars turned and began a headlong flight, "running," as Washington afterwards said, "despite the efforts of their officers, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

At the same moment, making the air quiver with their yells, the Indians broke from their cover and pursued them.

But I need not dwell longer upon the sad story. We all know how Washington and the despised provincials threw themselves between the flying troops and the raging wolves that were howling upon their track and held the latter in check; how Braddock, just after the flight began, was shot from his horse while giving an order, and lay upon the ground deserted by the soldiers he had sacrificed, not a friend near him but Orme, his secretary; how the latter, assisted by two American officers, placed him first upon a tumbril, and afterwards upon a fresh horse, and thus bore him away; how the general, his courage and military instincts rising above pain and weakness and despair of soul, still retained his command and strove to direct the flight and reduce it to an orderly retreat; how he acknowledged, when too late, the wisdom of the "young buckskin's" advice; how, on the evening of the 18th of July, after four long days of suffering, embittered by the thought that his military reputation, dearer to him than life itself, was gone forever; but with his spirit proud and unquailing to the last, he died, and the next morning was buried in the middle of the road and all traces of the grave obliterated, that no ghouls might disinter and insult what remained of the brave old soldier who had paid for his errors with his life.

And while this was going on, some sanguine people in Philadelphia were carrying about subscription papers in Philadelphia to get up an illumination. Some of them came to Benjamin Franklin, the cautious P. M., who had warned Braddock of his danger at the beginning.

"Suppose, gentlemen," he said, dryly, "we wait till we learn if we have anything to rejoice at."

"Why, the devil!" said the spokesman of the party, "you surely don't suppose the fort will not be taken?"

"I don't know that it will not be taken; but I do know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty."

That uncertainty was soon removed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Disengaging themselves from the fleeing rabble, who had thrown away arms, accoutrements, even clothing in their panic, our new-comers, together with Adam Gordon and Storm-Cloud, with his Indians, hung upon the skirts of the returning enemy, watching vainly for a chance to strike a blow.

They followed them to the neighborhood of the fort, and saw that night, across the river, without being able to help them, twelve British soldiers tied to stakes and tortured, one by one, through the livelong night, with a devilish ingenuity that would have done credit to old Torquemada himself.

I will not go through the fearful catalogue of suffering to which one after another of the unhappy victims was subjected, while a thousand half-naked demons, smeared with their war paint, danced, yelling like famished wolves, waving aloft the red blazing torches or redder tomahawks around them.

And Contrecœur and his men, the white flag of France drooping heavily over their heads in the still night air, stood upon the battlements of the fort and calmly watched the hideous revelry without even a word of remonstrance.

The last fire died out just as the gray of dawn began to appear. The Indians were launching their canoes to recross the river to the fort, and our concealed spectators were compelled to withdraw from their dangerous ground and retire farther into the forest.

"There! Master Philip," said Eli, solemnly, "them's the kind o' critters you wanted to face me down was men, last fall, the arternoon afore we had the brush with 'em down the river. What do you call 'em now?"

"Devils!" said Morton, fiercely. "I never dreamed of anything like this. I don't wonder at your feeling towards them, Eli, and I can't blame you for it; but may Heaven forgive that Contrecœur for looking on and allowing such things to be done when he might have prevented them."

"May Heaven forgive the besotted martinet who sacrificed them," said Sexton; "he would have cut *me* down, I believe, if somebody hadn't stopped his horse with a bullet."

"That was me," said Eli, coolly. "I seen what he was arter; I meant to shoot him, but his hoss rin jist in time to ketch the bullet; I was kind o' sorry for the brute, for he was worth more 'n his rider, but it couldn't be helped."

"Then I owe you my life," said Sexton; "I don't know that it's worth much, but it's the only one I have with me, and I had much rather not spare it, if I can help it; but what are we going to do?"

This was a matter for consultation. A council was held, and the question discussed.

The war was at an end, for the present at least; that was certain. No second army could be raised for some time, and whatever fighting could be done, would only be such accidental skirmishes as might occur between detached parties who might come into collision in the forest.

The Delawares had been absent for a long time from their home on the great lake, and were anxious to get back. Eli was inclined to go with them, and urged Philip and his friend to accompany them; but the latter were now anxious to get back as soon as possible to Philadelphia, to relieve the suspense of their friends there. Adam Gordon proclaimed his intention to make his way back to Harris's, and resume his old post as hunter for the garrison. He was tired of killing red skins, he said, and wanted some rest. Frank Lightfoot was ready for anything but going back to Sally, but had secretly made up his mind to join Captain Jack's band

at the first opportunity. He decided to go with the Delawares.

So they parted; the Delawares, accompanied by Eli and Frank, going northward towards their homes, while the two Englishmen, with Adam, set out towards Harris's Station.

"My brother, the Short-Gun, is a brave warrior," said Dishaunse, as he grasped Morton's hand at parting; "he will be a chief one day; let him come with the Delawares to their lodges, and he may choose his squaw among the daughters of the chiefs—"

"Except Bright Lightning," said Philip smiling

"Bright Lightning is for Dishaunse," said the young chief, his face flushing, though not with anger; "but let my brother come and choose."

Morton shook his head and then said,

"But has the chief no praise for his brother's friend?" pointing to Sexton.

"He is a great medicine!" said Storm-Cloud; "he filled the Wild Cat's veins with blood when it had all run out; he has fought to-day like an old warrior; my brother's friend is brave; let him come with the Delawares too."

"Storm Cloud has a father and a mother?" inquired Philip.

The chief made a gesture of assent.

"They wait for their son," added Morton; "and Bright Lightning stands before her father's lodge and looks out into the forest through the long summer days to see the young chief come home. Will he leave them and come with me to the great city, towards the rising sun? I have a father and mother there, and sisters who wait for me, and weep because they fear they will never see me."

"Does any watch for the medicine-brave?" inquired Storm Cloud, with some interest.

"My sister watches for him as Bright-Lightning watches for the chief," said Morton.

"My brother is right," said the Indian; "he will go to his people, but he will not forget the Delawares."

"Never!" said Morton. "I have found no better friends." And so they parted. Adam and Sexton had been waiting at a little distance, and in a few minutes the two parties had passed from each other's view.

Paying no regard to the march of the fragments of the flying army, the three men struck directly through the forest, Adam, in virtue of his greater experience, taking the lead. For the first two or three days they lay concealed as much as possible during daylight, travelling only at night, to avoid the bands of Chippawas and others who were hovering about the track of the army.

Between midnight and morning, on the third night, as they were pushing rapidly through the forest, Adam's practised eye discovered a faint light reflected from the leaves a few hundred yards in advance.

Stopping his companions, he pointed it out to them. Morton detected it immediately, but justice compels me to confess that Sexton could discover nothing. His eyes, as Eli said, could see nothing but what they had learned to see.

There it was, nevertheless, evidently the light from a small fire, with some object between it and those who were looking at it, which prevented them from seeing anything but the reflection it made upon the foliage beyond.

"What do you make of it, Adam?" inquired Morton, in a whisper; "if it is Indians, there must be a strong party, or they would not venture to have a fire shining in that way."

"It's either Indians with a strong party, or else it's somebody that don't know much about the woods," said Adam; "we must git up to the place as quiet as we kin, or maybe we'll git ourselves in a hobble."

Making their way cautiously towards the light, they discovered that it was shaded by a large rock, under a projecting shelf of which the fire was smouldering, while near it lay, asleep, a young man, apparently somewhat older than Philip.

He was lying there, his head resting upon his left arm, sleeping as peacefully as an infant in its cradle, his face towards the light and partially turned upward, displaying the thin, delicately cut features browned by the weather, acting upon a skin naturally dark, to such a dusky hue, that, in the dim light, he might easily have been mistaken for an Indian, had it not been for the long, thick moustache which drooped over his mouth, concealing that feature entirely, the long, thick masses of wavy hair which hung thrown back in disorder from his face, and the half-seaman character of his dress. His right hand half clasped the butt of a large ship's pistol which lay upon the ground, close to his side.

As the three men, lying flat upon the rock above him, peered over, Sexton and Philip glanced at each other, and the latter whispered to Adam, "I know him; I'm certain it is he."

"Friend or enemy?" inquired Adam, laconically, and without evincing any surprise.

"Friend," said Philip; "stay here, out of sight, while I go and awaken him"

So saying, he descended noiselessly from the rock, and approaching the sleeper, touched him lightly on the shoulder, intending to wake him gently.

With a spring like that of a wild-cat, the stranger was on his feet at the touch, broad awake, his pistol cocked and its black muzzle staring at Philip, within two inches of his face.

"Friend or foe?" he said, in that sharp, ringing voice acquired by men who are accustomed to speaking in tempests; "which is it? Speak or you get the bullet?"

"A friend," said Philip, who had involuntarily started back a pace at the sudden uprising of the sleeper, but who, now the heard the voice, was certain of his man, "a friend; put down your pistol, captain, and try a second look"

The stranger gave a searching look of scrutiny for several seconds, without lowering his pistol, however, and then a sudden look of recognition and delight together flashed into his eyes, and hastily uncocking his pistol, he threw it upon the ground, exclaiming, as he extended his hand eagerly.

"Why, it's Philip Morton! My dear fellow! how glad I am to see you. How did you find your way here? I expected to meet you in the army, but could never hear nor see anything of you, if you were there."

"No wonder you didn't find me," said Philip, "for I didn't join them till late the night before the battle, and the next day everybody was too busy to look after anybody else."

"True enough," said the other; "but are you here alone?"

"No, I forgot," said Morton, suddenly. "Sexton is here and Adam Gordon—"

"Two Buffalo?" interrupted the captain.

"Yes, there they are," said Morton, as the two men now showed themselves and leaped down from the rock.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Sexton; "if it isn't Captain Lowell, lost in the woods and waiting for the robins to come and cover him."

"The same," said the stranger, laughing. "I know I'm somewhere, but I haven't the least idea where; if you or Morton or your friend," bowing to Adam, "can enlighten me on that desirable point, I'll be much obliged to you."

"Imprimis," said Sexton, "you are a sailor; do you happen to be the fortunate possessor of a pocket compass? Adam here has some mysterious way of telling his route by the moss on the trees, but I have, decidedly, more faith in a compass that knows which way it is pointing."

"Oh, yes, I have a compass; I've been travelling by it these two days, since I got separated from the army."

"By the way," said Morton, "I had no idea you were with the expedition."

"Yes, I came out with Sir Peter Halket's naval brigade. Poor fellow, he'll never lead another."

"Is he killed?" inquired Sexton.

"Yes, he was shot down by my side, and his son, who was trying to save him, was killed a minute after. But where are you steering for? I'm all adrift, and would like to put myself under convoy."

"Oh, certainly," said Sexton, "we want the compass anyhow, and we'll take you along to carry it; with its help and Adam's together, I have strong hopes that we may arrive somewhere, if we don't lose our scalps first."

"This fire won't help us to keep 'em if there's any outlyin' parties about," grumbled Adam, speaking for the first time; "it's about time we was movin' from here."

"Adam is right," said Philip; "the light may reach other eyes besides our own; well for you it didn't before," he added, turning to the captain, as he kicked the burning brands into a spring near by—"now let us move."

After travelling till daylight, they lay by through the next morning, and about noon again resumed their march, Adam, by this time, considering it safe to travel by day.

The compass, which Sexton insisted upon consulting constantly, was a standing puzzle to Adam, who had never before seen one. He would watch the needle, then examine the bark of the trees, on the north side of which the moss grew more thickly, then look at the needle again, turn the box to see if the needle would turn with it, and then shake his head at its persistent pointing in the same direction, as if he thought there was something uncanny about it. Gradually, however, he became reconciled to it, and before they had reached the block-house, had actually abandoned his observations of the usual woodman's signs, and was trusting implicitly to the "plaguy little dancin' jigamaree," as he called it, "that wouldn't never stand still, and yet wouldn't never stay pinted at anything but the North Star."

As they were trudging along in the afternoon before mentioned, Sexton, who was in the rear with the stranger, asked him how he happened to be with the expedition.

"I know it was your intention," he said, "to return to England in the ship, when I saw you last; what changed it?"

"I first went to Boston, my home," said Captain Lowell, which I had left five years before, anxious, as you may suppose, to see it and those I had left there, after wandering around the world so long, and never hearing from them in that time. I was picturing to myself all the journey, the happiness of seeing my parents and my only sister, and how I would surprise them, and—I'm talking like a boy, I know, but I felt like one; well, Sexton, when I reached my father's house, I found none there but strangers. They knew nothing of my father; said they rented the house from somebody, whose name I forget; perhaps he could tell; I took his address and hurried to see him; it was two or three days before I could find him; at last, after calling a dozen times, I found him at home, and he told me that he had bought the house three years before, of a Mr. Calvin Lowell, executor of some estate, what, he could not remember. Calvin Lowell was the name of my father's brother; full of vague apprehension, I hurried to his counting-house, to which the gentleman gave me the direction, and there learned the heavy news. My father, mother, sister, were all *dead*. I dropped into a chair, completely stunned for a moment. My uncle, pitying my distress, waited quietly until I had recovered a little, and then went on to tell me the circumstances. My mother, who spent most of her time in visiting and relieving the poor, was attacked by a fever contracted in the hovel of one of these families, and never very strong, sank under it and died. My father, staying with her day and night, scarcely sleeping at all, worn out by fatigue and loss of rest, could hardly escape; he was seized on the evening after her funeral, and died in a few days afterwards; and poor Mary was left alone. But I'm tiring you—"

"Not at all; on the contrary, I am deeply interested," said Sexton, a sudden thought flashing across his mind, "go on."

"Well, by my father's will, his brother was made executor of his estate, and the house was soon after sold, and Mary went to live with him—"

"How long since she died?" inquired Sexton.

"About two years or a little more; she died very suddenly, of a hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by sudden grief at the loss of a dear friend, he said."

"Did he tell you the nature of the loss, or who the friend was?" said Sexton, stopping and looking his companion steadily in the face, while his brow darkened.

"No," said the other, surprised; "do you know anything about it?"

"Yes," said Sexton, "I didn't think of the name, in connection with yours, 'till a moment ago, for I didn't know that she had a brother; you were told only a part of the truth. Now *I* tell you, Russell Lowell, for I know it, your sister was murdered!"

He spoke with a savage, bitter energy, intended to make the startling news tell with all the force it was capable of, upon his companion.

The young man gazed at him for a moment with an expression of blank horror on his face, and then gasped out—

"Murdered! did you say? How? By whom? Tell me quick!"

"I *will* tell you, for you have a right to know the whole devilish plot. Do you know a Mrs. Lawrence?"

"Mrs Lawrence? yes; she was one of Mary's most intimate friends. Mary loved her next to her own mother."

"You shall hear what a friend she was," continued Sexton, bitterly.

He then proceeded to tell his companion the story which Morton had told him six months before, in the block-house.

The young sailor listened, his face growing livid as the narrator went on, but never interrupting him by sound or gesture.

When he had concluded, Lowell at first said nothing, but passed his hand two or three times across his forehead and eyes in a bewildered way, as if a mist had settled before them and he was uncertain where he stood. At last he spoke slowly, in a painfully suppressed voice.

"Ay, now I understand why my uncle spoke so vaguely about it. A year ago, his own daughter became the wife of that same young Lawrence. Bah! did he suppose I would waste my vengeance on that lout? He only did what he was bidden. But those women; let them look to it!"

"I don't think you are likely to forget it," said Sexton, as he looked at the other's face. "Phil has never mentioned the subject to me, nor I to him, since he first told me. I promised him I would never speak of it again; and indeed, from the effect the recollection of it seems to have upon him, I don't like to. He was gloomy and moody for a week after he told me, restless, and slept so little, that I began to fear he would go mad. I believe now that he has to thank a gang of Indians who took upon themselves to besiege the block-house, for shaking his mind out of its morbid state and saving him."

"And yet, I would like him to know who I am," said Lowell; "suppose you tell him."

"Better do it yourself," said Sexton; "I doubt whether he would thank me for alluding to it again, but I think he would take it kindly from you."

"I will," said Lowell; and leaving his companion, he moved forward and joined Morton. Stopping him, they stood still until the others had passed out of earshot, and then Lowell said,

"Philip Morton, do you know who and what I am?"

"You are Mr. Lowell, master of the good ship Cleopatra, to whom I owe several acts of kindness," said Morton, smiling, though he looked puzzled at the style of the other's address.

"I am more than that," said the captain, in a low, distinct voice. "I am Russell Lowell, the only brother of Mary Lowell!"

"Mary's lost brother!" exclaimed Morton, starting; "she thought you were dead. You know the story, then."

"Yes, Sexton just told me, thinking I had a right to know it."

"So you had," said Morton; "I am glad he has spared me the recital of it; it is a thing I rarely suffer myself to think of, much less to talk about."

"Yes," pursued Lowell; "a tale so nearly concerning myself, I had to hear from a comparative stranger; for, would you believe it, Morton, my father's brother, knowing, as he must have done, the whole devilish plot, had married his own daughter to the son of that woman, and was careful to tell me nothing of Mary's connection with it,—to avoid family dissensions, I suppose," added the young man, laughing bitterly. "Of course the woman and her daughter were too wise to betray themselves, and they thought they had the matter nicely hushed up. Of course I suspected nothing, and I remained in Boston two weeks, settling up my affairs in relation to the estate, giving up the voyage I had intended to make in the ship. Afterwards, having nothing else to do, and hearing of the expedition, I concluded to join it. The rest you know. We are brothers now, Morton, by the tie of a common sorrow. Poor Mary!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Fidgetty Wife.

The following amusing mistake of a Swedish bachelor we meet with in Miss Bunbury's "Life in Sweden." Reporting the conclusion of a conversation, the gentleman is represented as saying:

"Well, I should like to get a *fidgetty* wife; yes, my wife must be a little fidgetty."

"A fidgetty wife!" I exclaimed, in amaze at the nature of his difficulties.

"Yes, madam; I am not very fidgetty myself, and I tink a fidgetty wife would shuit me."

"Well, if she were in a fidgetty humor, I think she *might* 'shoot' you," I replied, feeling that it would not be safe to trust me with weapons in such a case.

"Madam," said the Swede, though I spoke very gravely, "do I speak your language right?"

"Oh, yes; but perhaps you do not know exactly what fidgetty means. If you go to England to look for a wife, it might be as well not to ask at once for a fidgetty one. What do you mean by the word in Swedish?"

"I got it in the dictionary, madam; yes, it is correct English, for I have a dictionary in two volumes, in which is every word that was ever spoken or written in the English tongue; and, indeed, whoever has that dictionary need have nothing more. You must buy it, madam; it is English and Swedish, and will teach you the meaning of every word in your language."

"And pray how does it translate 'fidgetty' into Swedish?"

He told me; and the translation was "lively, gay!" that is, he told me the Swedish words, which mean these in English. I got the dictionary afterwards to look at; and, certainly, if the Swede had sought for all the qualities of his wife by the explanations given there of such terms in our language, he would have imported a singular specimen of English womanhood into his country. A fidgetty wife, instead of a lively one, would have been only one result of these mis-translations.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—We are constantly reminded that truth is stranger than fiction. About a year ago a daughter of Major Daniel Perry, who is somewhat deranged, disappeared, and wandering off, was at last lodged in Sullivan county almshouse, N. Y., as a vagrant. Here she met another monomaniac by the name of Lucy Slater, and the two becoming very much attached to each other, decided to become man and wife. They left the almshouse last summer, and returned to Abington, where they have lived in the bonds of wedlock, as supposed by the neighbors, Lucy, alias James Slater, wearing male attire up to the present time. She was arrested last Monday, and brought before Justice Hersey, of Abington, for this offence, and sentenced to the Plymouth house of correction. It would be more proper to send them both to the insane asylum at Taunton.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

☞ John G. Whittier is put forward by the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald as the people's candidate for Congress in the district which John B. Alley now represents.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
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Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

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THE FIRE.

Coming innocently down to your office of a Monday morning, and finding the basement in which you have your double-cylinder press several feet deep in water, your packing and binding room burnt clean out, and a scene of confusion generally, is one of the unusual incidents of life with which a man could very cheerfully dispense, if so be the stern fates were willing.

A fire in a printing office is about as bad as "a bull in a china shop"—and what the fire does not spoil, the water does. More than half of the weekly edition of THE POST was utterly ruined—to say nothing of a large portion of the June edition of the LADY'S FRIEND. We had not time to put in print again all of the regular matter of THE POST, and were forced to borrow matter of various kind-hearted contemporaries. Those of our readers whose papers contained no riddler last week, will please excuse this and other omissions. We did the best we could.

Our loss was pretty much covered by insurance—it is a pity the trouble and vexation could not be covered by insurance also.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for June may be delayed a little on the remainder of the edition, but we shall use every exertion to get the burned sheets and numbers replaced as soon as possible.

Our thanks for friendly aid are doubtless due to many more than we know of. To Mr. Edwin Patrick, to the Fire Department, to the Police, and to our contemporaries of the Sunday Dispatch, Sunday Transcript, and Sunday Times, who generously put themselves out to help us through the momentary difficulties caused by fire and water, we most earnestly tender them. We hope we shall never have an opportunity to aid any of them under similar difficulties, but if we have we shall assuredly remember their friendly services.

CLASSICAL MATINEE.

The Concert we referred to a short time since will be a Matinée, and will take place at the Foyer of the Academy of Music on Thursday, May 17, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Gaertner will be assisted by Mme Abel, the great classical pianist from New York, our own Quintette Club and others. We have read such high encomiums of Mme Abel in the European journals that we feel great desire to hear her. It seems she is a pupil of Chopin, has played with Schumann and Liszt, and is spoken of by many as second only to Mme Clara Schumann. She plays the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven with Mr. Gaertner, whose performance of the violin part, by the way, is unequalled; the Polonaise in E flat by Chopin; and with our own pianist, Mr. Jarvis, a Schumann Duo. Mr. Gaertner will play a violin solo by David, and lead the Classical Quintette Club in a Mendelssohn Quintett. Two very beautiful songs by Mr. Gaertner will also be sung by Mr. Graff, a fine tenor.

OUR PREMIUM.

Mrs. E. A. Taylor writes from Pensaukie, Wisconsin, as follows:—"My Sewing Machine has arrived, and gives perfect satisfaction. It is a perfect gem. Accept my thanks; and I also thank all of my subscribers, and say to all go and do likewise."

☞ Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits—"Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms; you call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you I lose mine"

☞ There is a sense in the soul which loves the right, as there is in the body an appetite which loves pleasure.

A Visit to the Poet Tennyson.

Mr. Tennyson's residence at "Farringford House," Isle of Wight, is at once spacious, unpretending and elegant. It has a wide front, all clustered over with the trailing ivy-leaves; to the right of which runs a picturesque porch, completely festooned with woodbines, and, at the left side, appears a pleasant conservatory filled with choice plants. I was charmed with the broad paths, as I approached the house, which were sheltered irregularly, on each side, with ancient oaks, which threw their spreading branches completely over them. Then the wide level lawns extended on each side to shaded *allées*, in which I loved to think the poet wandered, weaving the sweet fancies that should charm the world.

I heard the bells, which were on the necks of sleek cattle, tinkling in the fields below, and the bleating of the sheep that were pastured near by were borne to me, pleasantly, by the same gusty autumnal winds that sent the crisp brown leaves skurrying over the paths as *Puck* over the enchanted heath—

"Unsettled they remove
As pleasure calls, from verdant grove to grove;
Or stretch'd on flowery meads at ease they lie
And hear the silver rills run bubbling by."

A butler, in plain clothes, ushered me into a cabinet until he could inform the poet of my arrival. Perhaps no better index to the tastes of Mr. Tennyson could be found than this collection (gathered mostly by himself,) of minerals and *fossils*, curious crustacea, shells and crystals, all labelled and arranged carefully. In a few moments I was shown into the drawing-room, where I saw Mrs. Tennyson and the poet's maiden sister. The former is a lady of perhaps forty five years of age, with dark hair, large brown eyes, and a mouth of exceeding sweetness. Her voice is rich and very musical, and, indeed, she reminded me much of the pictures of Beatrice Portinari.

The ladies entertained me by showing me some exquisite photographic albums, and a packet of photographs of Mr. Carlyle, and a few other notable gentlemen of the *literati*, which had that morning arrived from London, and Mrs. Tennyson proudly exhibited to me the fine portraits of her two little sons (ten and twelve years old, respectively) which had been sent home from the painters.

As I was examining them Mr. Tennyson came in from his study. How can I describe him to you?

He is, perhaps, five feet nine inches in height, but he stoops much as he walks and thus looks shorter. He does not seem to be above fifty years of age, yet his gait is feeble, and the wearing of glasses adds to the impression of his being older. His dress is extremely old fashioned—indeed he looked more like an old picture stepping out of a frame than a gentleman of the nineteenth century. His coat, short in the waist, was of a sort of linsey-woolsey material, of a gray mixed color, and fitted him very tight; vest and trowsers of the same material. Around his ample shirt-collar a black cravat was loosely tied. But nothing could detract from the power of his massive forehead, high and broad, and nothing could be more picturesque than the long black hair, fine as silk, (but plentifully mixed with gray) which fell over his fine head, down even to his shoulders. His eyes are dark gray, I think, and have the peculiar appearance about the lids common to all students, and especially night-readers, which is very clearly perceived and defined in photographs of the poet. His mouth is constantly smiling, but his eyes seem to be absent while he is speaking, searching everywhere for something that is not present—that strange speculative look that is not easy to convey by description, and must be comprehended rather than clearly defined. His voice is rich and sonorous, but he chooses his words slowly, and, I should think by this, betrays that, in his composition, he is equally careful and slow. A sort of dreamy, ruminating voice, that has spoken, yet is far beyond the voice in thought.

In speaking of Carlyle, the poet, on looking upon the picture of the author of "*Sartor Resartus*," he said—

"He has a sad face. Do you not think so?"

"Yes!" I replied; "but I can conceive that he has many of the same qualities he loved in Frederick the Great."

"Doubtless," was the reply—accompanied by one of those strange smiles.

Our conversation turned upon the beauties of the Isle of Wight, England generally, my own stay in it, and gradually upon America. At last I expressed the hope that, some day, not far distant, we should have the honor of a visit from him, so that the thousands of lovers of his song in America could welcome him. He interrupted me by a firm—

"No! I think not."

"Why?" may I ask.

"Ah! you are too violent over there for me," (referring to our late civil war.)

"But now that we are at peace," I advanced, "and slavery is at an end—"

He interrupted quickly,

"Ah! but your press," he said, "it is positively outrageous and violent."

I tried to prove that some he named, ultra-political papers were exceptions, and that our moderate, high-toned journals would compare favorably with those of England, but I soon gathered from the laureate that he, in common with the governing class in England, had but little sympathy with the peaceful settlements of our late rebellion, and I was much pained by the reflection that, though our deeds were "writ in iron," we should not have *this* "shadowy honor" upon their tombs. However, on all methetical subjects we clasped hands, and the moments fled all too quickly in converse with that pure soul. So, with tender memories, I left Farringford House, carrying away with me some sweet souvenirs of pictures, flowers and autographs.

SAN-GREAL.—A vessel made of a single precious stone (usually said to be an emerald) from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the Last Supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which he was pierced at the Crucifixion. It is fabled to have been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. Various miraculous properties are attributed to this dish, such as the power of prolonging life, preserving chastity, and the like; and it is a frequent subject of allusion in some of the old romances as an object in search of which numerous knight-errant, particularly those of the Round Table, spent their lives."

☞ Steamboat pilots on the Missouri river get from sixteen to eighteen hundred dollars a month at present. Very fair wages.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY COSMO.

VALDIVIA HARBOR—A POOR CITY—POVERTY A SECURITY—DR. BOND'S SCHEME—VALDIVIA'S COMMERCE—VESSELS—STEAMERS—UNDER WEIGH.

With a harbor perfectly accessible in all weathers, a bay within the bold, picturesque headlands, commodious enough to accommodate the navies of the world, with leagues to spare, as beautiful in its surroundings as the bay of Rio de Janeiro or Naples, or our own northern Casco, as beautiful as any of them all, the harbor of Valdivia is comparatively a solitude.

Situated as Valdivia is, at the bottom of a magnificent deep water bay, at the sea base of a territory as fertile and productive by nature, and blessed with a climate more salubrious and delightful than that of any other region on the whole Pacific slope, Valdivia from these causes alone ought to have been to-day a populous and popular city.

Then adding to these advantages her others, among which are her having the first secure and convenient harbor that ships after battling their way around Cape Horn can come to, the easy access to a wide, productive interior territory, that all her surrounding hills, even down to the coast headlands, teem with undeveloped mineral wealth—copper, iron, alum, salt, nitre, and free burning coal in abundance—surrounded as she is by such advantages and resources, Valdivia should have been in this year 1866 the commercial emporium and queen city of the west coast of America.

Peopled by North Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen or Germans, Spanish America would have had a history and destiny better than their actual records can ever show. The genius of the conquering Spaniard has ever been to pull down native empires, building up nothing better in their stead. The same repulsive phantom that so everlastingly through all the southern hemisphere of this continent stands in all the highways and byways of progress, stands as persistently before Valdivia, keeping out thrift and prosperity as effectually as the armed angel barred the return of our erring first parents to their lost Paradise. That inexorable phantom is 'South American Civilization."

Paralyzed by the ever prevailing reign of such an incubus, Valdivia, that by virtue of position and advantages of surrounding circumstances, in the almost three centuries that have passed since her first founding, ought to have grown into a sea-board metropolis rivalling any of our own in magnitude and commercial enterprise, is to-day in reality more insignificantly mean, less alive to progress than any inland backwoods village within the limits of the United States.

In our country, the circumstance of a town containing nine churches, and having *seventy* clergymen to a population of five thousand inhabitants, would be testimony conclusive in favor of moral and religious progress. But in many another portion of South America besides Valdivia it indicates nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is rather indubitable evidence of slavish ignorance and superstition.

Besides four of the churches that have considerable pretensions to respectability of appearance, both outside and in, there are within the more compact limits of the town perhaps ten, and dispersed about the suburban surroundings twice that number of very respectable private dwellings, mostly the residences of foreigners—French, English, and at the period of our visit four Americans, two of whom, both ex-sea-captains, had been there more than twenty years, grown very wealthy, and becoming richer in mercantile pursuits.

Having seen the four more respectable churches and the score and a half of private residences inhabited by foreigners, the stranger visitor has seen all of Valdivia worth seeing, unless indeed he happens to have a *penchant* for squalor and filth and wretchedness and rags. In that case he may find gratification wherever he goes. The material is plentiful, cheap, and on public exhibition everywhere.

The wretchedness of Valdivia and Valdivians is their salvation—so they will tell you. Ask the question of whom you will, and the reply will be prompt and pertinant—the question being:

"Why don't you build up, and clean out, and improve and beautify your city of Valdivia here?"

"*Porque senor* (because, sir,) if we were to make it worth their notice, *el salvages* (the savages) would come down and burn and destroy and murder every soul, as they did three times before."

Pretty good logic, perhaps, for a Valdivian to practice, but something humiliating to a government and civilization at large—a town so situated and surrounded by all the inert elements of prosperity to drag on through ages of poverty and wretchedness and semi-barbarism, her degradation and utter insignificance being her protection against a tribe of hostile savages. And yet there is, I am disposed to think, something very like good philosophy in the poverty plan of the Valdivians. While among the Iracaumans, we heard always and everywhere the uniform declaration:

"If ever the Spaniard builds between us and the sea a city that is worth the cost, we will surely destroy it, as we did three times their city of Valdivia."

And it is probable that until Chile shall be far better able to protect her sea coast and frontier towns than she ever has been or possibly can be for many years to come, it would be absolute folly to build up either Valdivia or Conception in a way that should call towards them the Iracauman's vengeance. These indomitable red republicans hold a long arrear of unsettled hatred against the Spanish race, and they will never fail to strike for vengeance whenever there shall be sufficiency of spoils to reward their prowess.

Dr. Bond suggested to several Valdivians one day that he thought it would be a capital idea for our party to lease a couple of hundred leagues of territory along the southern coast of Chile, embracing the harbors and towns of Valdivia and Conception, taking a lease for say a hundred and fifty years, and then building up two famous commercial and manufacturing cities, settling the leased province with a million or so live Yankees. The doctor was jesting, of course, but he looked serious, and the listening dons thought him soberly in earnest. The majority were delighted with the project—thought they should like to live among *los Americanos*, &c. But one old graybeard shook his head in doubt, saying:

"*Yo sno se—Mucho mal i bien pueden hacer un million de hombre*—(Much harm and much good may be done by a million of men—I don't know.)

After all, if Dr. Bond's romance of colonization could be put in practice, it is beyond a doubt that Chile, and the world, and South American Civilization, would be vastly the gainers by the enterprize.

The commerce of Valdivia is inconsiderable, consisting of wool, a few hides, a little wheat, some parcels of copper ore, and now and then a cargo of beef cattle, in the way of exports, while her imports are principally fine fancy goods from France, substantial woolen fabrics and hardware from England, and cotton goods, butter, lard, hams, whiskey, and boots and shoes, from the United States. On an average, there are four French, three English, and two North American cargoes received and consumed in Valdivia and vicinity per annum; and the arrival of any one of the regular traders within the port, is the occasion of a holiday, and when three of them happen to drop into port within a few hours of each other, as they did—one from each country, two days before our arrival—there is forthwith a grand carnival—no business, no labor, no nothing, but crazy jubilee for a week.

Perhaps the grand saturnalia that ruled over and in Valdivia, at the time of our advent, will best account for the condition in which we saw several of the clergy and a good many other people, both men and women.

It happening to occur to me just here, I remark that although wine drinking is habitual among all classes throughout Spanish America, drunkenness is not a popular vice. Indeed drunkenness is so rarely the failing of a native South American, that in any city or town of Spanish America, groping your way along the streets in the dark, and encountering some one whom you cannot distinctly see, but can safely say is beastly drunk, if you were to say, "The fellow is a foreigner or a priest," in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred you would be right. In ninety cases the inebriate would be a foreigner from some whiskey-drinking country, and in nine a priest; though I must say, that although I have seen a good many priests staggering unsteady in their gait, I have no recollection of ever having seen but one dead, down, beastly drunk, as we too frequently see Jonathans and John Bulls. Therein South American Civilization has something the advantage of ours.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I cast no reflections upon the religion of the Roman Catholic Church. It has in South America been productive of immense good. It is by no means the fault of Roman Catholicity that civilization and morals in South America are at the lamentable low ebb they are to-day. Our Protestant faith has in many instances been worse administered abroad. It is individuals I am dealing with in these cases of priestly immorality and beastly debauchery.

Valdivia has had of late years a considerable coastwise trade, mostly to Valparaiso, but some of it going on beyond, to Callao, Guayaquil, and even Panama; carried on principally by small, shabby, nearly worn-out vessels thrown out of employment in the United States and England as being unseaworthy, but A No. 1 for fifteen years coastwise service in the Pacific. A later convenience—not so much to Valdivians or Coillans as to foreigners having business along the west coast, south of Valparaiso—are two steam-packets of the British Pacific S. S. Company, that ply regularly, once a week, between Valparaiso and Valdivia, touching either way at Conception, and some four or five little, obscure nooks in the land, of no great importance commercially, but three of them of considerable consequence as affording most excellent harbors for small vessels, and having convenient to them an abundant supply of good, fresh water, superior fire-wood, and the very best quality of very free burning coal.

Having seen all that is in anyway worth looking at in and around Valdivia, and said of the place more perhaps than in justice it is entitled to, if the reader has a fancy for a brief cruise along the Pacific coast, very close in shore, and will favor us with his or her society on board our beautiful Esmeralda, I have no doubt we shall find the passage a remarkably pleasant one, company agreeable, and as our next destination is *Talcahuana*, time-out-of-mind—ever since Pacific "blubber-hunters" began to point their jib-booms around Cape Horn—the favorite resort of outward-bound "whale-killers"—and as three members of our party are ex-"spouters," and old-stagers in Talcahuana, I think the chances are that in escorting you about the quaint old Spanish town, and pointing out a good many of its queer characteristics, we shall be able to amuse, and, in some degree, perhaps, instruct you.

All along the Pacific side of the land, south of Valparaiso to the Strait of Magellan, during the two winter months of July and August, the northers sometimes blow furiously. But for the greater part of the year, the weather is mild and moderate, and sailing along the coast just so far distant as to have distinctly in view all the features of the bold, fantastic headlands and shore scenery, and lifting beyond, the long, dim, blue outlines of the towering, snow-crested Andes, the nearer foreground deepening into darker green, and perhaps there is no more magnificent summer sailing anywhere on earth.

THE MONADNOCK.—It is known that Commodore Rodgers in his official report of the bombardment of Valparaiso says: "I was absolutely certain that in not less than thirty seconds and not more than thirty minutes the Monadnock herself, entirely unscathed, would leave only the mast-heads of the Numancia above water," &c. From the description of the Spanish ship previously received in this city, it is known that the Numancia is between 300 and 400 feet long, and draws twice as much water as the Monadnock. She is eight times as high out of water, and one hundred feet longer, cost twice as much money in gold as the Monadnock in paper, has ten times as many guns, and her daily expenses are four times as much. Her armor is only half the thickness of that of the Monadnock. The Numancia was built in Scotland, as the best type of the English iron-clads. The impression is that she was originally built for the Confederate service. All the vessels like the Monadnock were designed at the Navy Department, and built at our own navy-yards.

☞ A Down Easter lately went to see Macbeth, and gave the following as his notion of the tragedy:—"After having witnessed the performances, from what I could make out of the play, I don't think Macbeth was a good moral character; and his lady appeared to have exceedingly loose notions of hospitality, which together with an unpleasant habit of talking to herself, and walking about *en chemise*, must make her a decidedly unpleasant companion."

MY SECRET.

Bright little cowslip, down in the meadow land,
Green blades of grass so tall and so high,
Why do you bow to me as I approach you?
Is it to tell me that *he* has passed by?

Pretty wild rosebud, why are you blushing?
Dear little robin, why do you sing?
Is it because you are longing to tell me
How grand, true and noble is "Philip my king?"

Gushing, wild meadow-brook, onward you're straying,
Unmindful of all that my heart has to say;
Now cowslip and rosebud, robin and meadow-brook,
Hush—keep my secret—he's coming this way.

An Immense Cavern Under Lancaster.

It is a well settled belief among many intelligent Pennsylvanians that an immense cavern exists underneath the city of Lancaster and vicinity. Many facts are recited, giving extreme plausibility to this theory, the most important of which may be briefly stated as follows:

The city is located within the great limestone belt extending across the southern part of the State, and of all the geological formations limestone the most abounds in caverns, many of which are known to be of vast extent. In sinking wells in certain parts of the city, the bottom crust breaks through before reaching water, and the pump is suspended from above by chains.

There have been several well authenticated cases in the vicinity of the city, of the crust of the earth breaking and engulfing farm animals. In two instances men engaged in ploughing saw their teams disappear beneath the surface, and only a funnel-shaped cavity remained to mark the spot.

The earthquake of September 29th, as well as several lighter shocks, may be very reasonably accounted for by this theory. Huge masses of rock breaking from the roof of the cavern and falling into the depth beneath, may cause such a quaking of the upper crust and a dull rumbling noise as that which astonished the inhabitants on that day.

One of the most convincing proofs of the existence of this subterranean cavity is the discovery of an eyeless catfish in the waters of the Conestoga, a stream flowing past the city, and supposed to connect with the hidden waters beneath. This fish is entirely destitute of organs of sight, having only small spots in place thereof.

In a celebrated grotto of Italy eyeless fish have been found, and it is inferred that the eyeless catfish of the Conestoga must originate in a similar underground locality and escape the fissures of the rocks. We have endeavored to present as concisely as possible the principal facts bearing on the theory, and leave it for others to elaborate.

Comets.

Some light on the nature and substance of comets, so long a profound mystery, begins to appear. An English astronomer recently read before the Royal Society an account of a spectrum analysis of the light of the comet discovered by Mr. Tuttle at Washington. The comet was an oval mass having a small stellar nucleus. He states, as the result of his investigation, that this comet was self-luminous, and that, in common with some of the nebulæ, its substance was in the condition of ignited gas. The coma, on the contrary, cannot be supposed to consist of incandescent solid matter; it shines by reflected light in the same way as clouds do under sun-light or moonlight. He is of opinion that cometary matter consists chiefly of nitrogen, or of more elementary substances existing in nitrogen.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The real name of the Emperor of China is seldom or ever known. Upon ascending the throne, he assumes a name by which, when spoken of, he must be called; for to pronounce or write his proper one, by accident or intention, is death to the divulger of the secret, and to his family; and if a rich man, the confiscation of his property ensues. A literary man, having accidentally used the word "Ming" (which happened to be the reigning monarch's name,) in his work, suffered, with his sons, the extreme penalty of the law; his wife and daughters, with the other members of his family, were banished, and his estates confiscated. So much for the mild, inoffensive Chinese, and the humane government of the Celestial Empire.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—The following anecdote is told in Berlin:—At a ball given last week, on the seventeenth birthday of the daughter of one of the noblest families, a mysterious figure—a monk mask—entered the saloon precisely at midnight, and disappeared, after having presented the young lady with a basket of flowers. On examining the contents, an ebony coffin was found, inlaid with silver, containing a bridal wreath, an arrow piercing a lily, and a paper on which was written, "A greeting from the world of shadows." It should be added that, though the mother became insensible, the young countess did not lose her presence of mind, but continued dancing, and betrayed no emotion whatever.

THE EYE.—A very curious optical instrument, says the London Review, has been invented by M. Houdin. It is termed an iridiscope, and has for its object the detection of diseased conditions of the humors of the eye. It consists simply of a concave shell, having a small aperture in its centre. The patient uses the iridiscope himself in the following manner: The instrument being placed upon the eye, he looks through the aperture at diffused light, and if the humors of the eye be altered in character, minute particles will be seen floating in the field of vision. M. Houdin says its principle is something like that upon which a water carafe is held up to the light to detect whether its contents are pure.

☞ Detective Baker has made a very voluminous report in reference to bounty jumping frauds perpetrated under the calls for troops. He traces the jumpers from the time of being sworn in till they reached the field. He shows that of the 500,000 men called out and sworn in by the Government, only 168,000 reached the field as soldiers, although thousands of others received bounties. This wholesale system of fraud is shown to have been perpetrated in nearly every loyal state.

☞ Never be above your calling, nor be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

Pulling Teeth Without Pain by Local Anæsthesia.

When the toy for diffusing eau de Cologne in fine vapor over the skin, in the form of spray—which some time ago found its way into our drawing-rooms—first came before me, it struck me at once that it might possibly be applied to the production of local anæsthesia, and I set to work to try its applicability in this respect. I was soon afterwards assisted largely in my labors by taking advantage of Bergson's apparatus, with the hand-ball spray-producer invented by my valued friend, Dr. Andrew Clarke, and supplied by the manufacturers, Messrs. Krohne and Seesmann, of Whitechapel-road. * * * * On the 11th of December, 1865, I applied this process for the first time on the human subject for an operation. The patient was a lady, who required to have five front teeth extracted. I had previously administered chloroform to this lady for a tooth extraction, but the inhalation had produced so much irregularity in the action of the heart and other disagreeable symptoms, that I considered it inadvisable to repeat chloroform, and she herself was only too ready to give the local measure a trial. The extraction was performed by my friend, Mr. Peter Matthews. On directing the ether spray, first at a distance, and then closely, upon the gum over the first central incisor on the left side, we observed, at the end of fifty seconds, that the gum had become as white as the tooth itself, and quite insensible. I then directed the vapor upon the tooth for twenty or thirty seconds more, and on the patient intimating that she did not feel, I suggested to Mr. Matthews to proceed. He extracted a very firm tooth without the slightest expression of pain. The process being continued in the same manner, he extracted three other teeth with the forceps; the fourth gave way, and had to be removed by the lever; but in all cases the result was equally good. Not a drop of blood was lost; there was no painful reaction, and the healing process proceeded perfectly. Our patient, who was exceedingly intelligent, was specially requested to note every step of the operation—such as the applying of the forceps, the insertion of the blades beneath the gum, the loosening process, and the removal. She told us that in two of the extractions she felt nothing; that in one it seemed as though the jaw altogether was being pulled downwards, but without pain; that in another she was conscious of a kind of wrench or loosening, but without pain; and that the introduction of the lever was attended with a momentary dull ache, just perceptible. On the whole, the process was quite as painless as when she took chloroform.—*Dr. Richardson, in "Social Science Review."*

☞ The manufacture of false eyes is a large business in Paris. The average sale per week is four hundred. There are twelve establishments for this work, each employing twenty workmen.

☞ Tom Thumb and his wife have returned home.

☞ It is now questioned whether the man who "left the house" ever had any idea of taking it with him.

☞ The Emperor of Austria on Good Friday went through the annual ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor old men and as many old women. The eldest of the group was ninety-six years of age, the youngest eighty-five.

☞ Bayard Taylor has introduced a new watermelon which keeps through the winter. If he will introduce one that will keep through the summer, he will do more than ever we could with one in our house.

☞ It may interest the friends of Lieutenant General Grant to learn that he has had his moustache and beard shaved off, which so disguises him that he may walk the streets now without the slightest molestation from his admirers.

☞ "My friend," said the Rev. Sidney Smith to a cobbler who was mending his shoe, when the great wit was a poor curate in Gloucestershire, "you remind me of the sacred ordinance of matrimony." "How so?" quoth the cobbler. "Because you bind two soles together in unity!"

☞ In marriage the heart of a widow is like a furnished apartment, where one is apt to find something left there by a former lodger.

☞ A paper tells the following anecdote of a college student who was distinguished for his address in evading the writing of themes, and palming off the currency of others as his "legal tender." One evening he read a theme of unusual merit; but the professor, as he sat down in the pride of conscious excellence, asked: "Is that original?" "Yes, sir," said the student. "Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. "Why, yes, sir," replied the student, with imperturbable gravity; "it had 'original' over it in the paper I took it from."

☞ Mrs. C. B. Merrill, of Standish, Maine, writes that during the past year she has woven 1,874 yards of cloth, and has fifty yards of cotton and linen in the looms now. Won't this carry the aged mothers back to their youthful days?

☞ A downright purpose is essential to an upright practice.

☞ At a recent great steeple-chase, near Liverpool, thirty horses started, all the favorites were beaten, and the winner was a gaunt outsider, whose owner quietly pocketed $135,000 by the race.

☞ The boys of Norfolk are admitted into the circus stopping in that city at the price of one tom-cat apiece. The animals are said to be the highly relished food of the lions.

☞ Dickens gets a fee equal to about five dollars a minute during each performance, for reading. His resumption of the readings has caused "great expectations." He is the best of English amateur actors, but near him in this respect is George Henry Lewes, the editor of the "Fortnightly Review."

☞ The first paper mill that has been discovered in America was that of William Rittinghuysen, at Roxborough, near Philadelphia, in 1690, on what is now called Cresham creek. Mr. J. M. Wilcox, of this city, stated that in 1725 his grandfather, who had been educated a paper-maker, came over and settled where the mill now is, in Delaware county, and erected in 1732 a mill for the manufacture of paper. There were at that time two other mills in the same business, one near Boston and another near Philadelphia.

☞ A NEW WAY OF SMUGGLING.—A well-dressed woman was recently stopped when entering Belgium for concealing about one hundred and thirty yards of Valenciennes lace in her back hair. Since then any unusual dimensions of that portion of the coiffure is strictly examined by the custom house officials.

Against Calling People "Old."

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, AND OTHERS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"The old man," "the old woman," "old Wilson," "old Robson,"—that is the way in which many people choose to speak of those who are no longer young. Again men will call their wives, and newly married men their young wives, "my old woman." Boys, too, are addicted to calling their fathers and mothers "our old man," and "the old woman." Now this is all very wrong, and what neither children nor grown-up people will be guilty of, who are well taught and well disposed.

Children, to begin with, owe other treatment to their parents than that of speaking of them in a contemptuous manner. "Honor thy father and thy mother." Calling them old, even if they are three score years and ten, is not honoring them; it is speaking of them as if you did not think much about them, thought lightly of them, did not care much about them—old and worthless; whereas, you are likely very much in their debt, for their kindness to you and care, ever since you were born. It shows a want of thought, a want of feeling, a hardness of heart, which promises anything but good for you as you grow up. If you, while young, can be in the receipt of blessings from your parents—which no money could buy—and you have not the feeling to make you speak of them with love and reverence; nor the sense, nor the shame to try to make you hide your want of good feeling, you are surely in the way which is broad, and leadeth downward to misery.

And even if your parents are not so good as they might be, that is a matter for you to hide and be sorry for in secret, rather than to seem as if you were willing that everybody should know it, by your calling them "old."

When one hears a young man, newly married, calling his young wife "my old woman," it is not a good sign. If your wife is a good one, you ought not to speak of her so; hardly in jest, even. You ought to call her by her name as "Mrs. Wilson," or "Mrs. Robson;" or if you feel as though that sounded rather too fine, say "my wife," or "my Mary." You ought to be considerate and tender of your wife's feelings, for she is worth it; and it will be sure to pay in the long run.

There are some men—not a few, indeed—who seem as though they were ashamed to speak of their wives as if they respected and loved them. Now, these feelings of love and esteem are not a matter to make a parade in the market-place, yet to respect and love a good wife is one of the most fitting and proper things in the world, and you need not be ashamed who knows it. You may safely venture to speak of your wife as if you really thought a great deal of her; and nobody, whose good opinion is worth anything, will think worse of you for it.

And if your wife is not a good one, or only a sort of second or third rate one, calling her "old" will not help to mend her. Call her "old" and keep at it, and she will be in great danger of coming to feel old. "Yes, I am old, and good for nothing; it's no use for me trying to be anything." That is how she will feel, and your calling her "old," will help to kill out, if possible, whatever good may be in her; and she may get old and good for nothing sure enough, much quicker than will be good for either you or your children.

And then to be letting everybody know that you are such a simpleton as to have got a bad wife, or one that is not a very good one, by always speaking lightly of her, as "my old woman," is not for your own credit. It would be better to hide it, say nothing about it, and set to work and see if you cannot make your wife better by kind treatment. Who knows but that you might so improve her, that you might, at length, with propriety, speak of her to others in a respectful manner.

And then as to those people who cannot find it in their hearts to speak of anybody scarcely, without calling them "old," you ought to learn better. If you knew how well all such talk is understood by well-informed and well-behaved people, you would be more sparing of it. It is a mark of ill-breeding—a way which low-bred people take of speaking of their betters, under the notion that by speaking contemptuously of others they give themselves a lift, and that there is something about it rather smart; but it is a mistake. You cannot lift yourselves up into respectability in any such way; neither is it smart, or clever. It is bad manners; and bad manners means a badly furnished head, and not a very good heart.

Those people who are old, have no need to be thus reminded of it; nor yet those who are approaching old age. Let them feel young as long as they can. If the feeling of oldness and worthlessness never comes upon them, it will be better. "Gray hairs are a crown of glory, if found in the way of righteousness." And if not found in the way of righteousness, yet, if the owners of those gray hairs are so much the are of the great and good God, as to be still living with us, that alone is enough to entitle them to kind and respectful treatment.—*Brantford Expositor.*

☞ CHURCH ACTION ON CHEESE-MAKING.—The Vermont Caronicle informs us that the Congregational church of Enosburg recently passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That carrying milk to the cheese factory on the Sabbath is a violation of the command to 'sanctify the Sabbath.'"

☞ A letter from Berlin states that great success has attended the introduction of horse flesh in that capital as an article of human food. The meat is perfectly wholesome, and very tolerably palatable, resembling rather coarse beef. Grand dinners have been given by a society interested in its introduction, at which horse flesh alone was produced, though prepared in various ways.

☞ MOSS ON FLOWER POTS.—Ladies who are fond of cultivating flowers in the house, will find great benefit to the plants by spreading a coating of moss over the earth in their flower pots. This keeps the water from evaporating, and the temperature more uniform. Tea-grounds are often used for the same purpose. Where a flower-pot sets in a saucer, with a hole in the bottom of the pot, put a little sand in the saucer and cover it with moss, and you have a simple and admirable arrangement.—*Maine Farmer.*

☞ PERSEVERANCE.—If you wish to do good, do good; if you wish to assist people, assist people. The only way to learn to do a thing is to do it, and that implies, before you learn to do right you will do wrong—you will make blunders, you will have failures—but persevere, and in the end you will learn your lessons, and many other lessons by the way.

A CITY LYRIC.

My home is in the city; to and fro
I wander o'er it from day to day,
Hearing its myriad of pulses play,
Watching its life-waves ebb and flow;
Little I see, and little I know
Of rustling woods or flowery fields;
On the sights and sounds that the city yields,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

Out from my casement, narrow and high,
When the summer morn in the east is low,
Over the long streets, row on row,
I love to look with a dreaming eye;
While half of them still in black shadow lie,
And half of them shine like burnished gold,
And only the wreathing smoke outrolled
From the giant chimneys streaks the sky.

Then I think how soon the clangorous beat
Of bells will call to their tasks again
The thousands who labor with hand or with brain;
And I wonder how many the call will meet
In hope and courage, or patience sweet,
Glad hymns silently singing within;
How many with weights of sorrow or sin
Heavily hanging on heart and feet.

Moving on with the moving throng—
A single drop in the roaring stream—
Electrical currents of sympathy seem
To dart through my veins as I hurry along;
Something I feel of the strange wild thrill
The soldier knows in the maddening crush
Of rank on rank as they onward rush,
Heedless of bullet or bristling steel.

Leisurely strolling at close of day,
When duty is done, and the mind is free,
Each passing face is a problem to me;
Stolid or eager, grave or gay,
Young and blooming, or aged and gray;
Solving it right, or solving it wrong,
Pleasantly musing, I saunter along,
Giving to fancy her wilful way.

This one, I know by his cheerful air,
And the smiles on his lip that go and come,
Sees before him the light of home,
And loved ones waiting to welcome him there;
This one, I know by the cloud of care
That darkens deep on his wrinkled brow,
Has gambled and lost, and is planning the how
Of a luckier move the account to square.

A piano's soft and silvery din
Comes tinkling merrily out on the air,
And I paint to myself a maiden fair
Playfully touching the keys within;
I give her an eye to the stars akin
When eve hath deepened the bright sky-blue,
A cheek of the delicate wild rose hue,
And a smile that a lover would die to win.

Here at this window are sitting a pair—
Father and mother—for shining between
The head of a little girl is seen,
With a hand of each on her golden hair;
Visions before me float in the air
Of the might have been, and the yet might be,
If *she* had but listened, nay, if *she*
Had a soul as true as her form is fair.

Often again I look out on the street
When the glittering lamps are all alight,
Gemming the skirts of the dark-robed night,
When the only sounds that my hearing greet
Are mysterious murmurs the sense must cheat,
Or the wakeful watchman's heavy footfall
Echoing up from the hollow wall,
As he wearily paces his lonely beat.

And *then* I think of the aching brow
Cooled on the pillow of peace and rest;
Of lovers the favoring hours have blest
Thinking of kissing and parting now;
Of happy circles all aglow
With the light of the heart that beams from the eyes;
Of the anxious student in haste to be wise,
Still pondering the page that bewilders him so.

O poets may sing of streams that flow
Braiding their ripples in the sun,
Of shadowy wood, and moorland dun,
Of scented brakes were wild-flowers blow;
Little of these I see or know;
My home is the city—and day or night,
On its sights and sounds, with a strange delight,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

My Elizabethan Period.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

All the old fashions are coming back, they say, hair cushioned and powdered, patches, pointed waists, puffs, ruffs, and high-heeled boots. I am glad of it, I know they will suit me. Sometimes I almost fancy that I have had a life before this, and was a court lady hundreds of years ago, with a wardrobe of stiff, quaint magnificent dresses. I saw an old portrait of Queen Elizabeth once in an English gallery, and it had a look in the eyes that seemed natural to me. I felt as if my eyes could look the same, cold, unfeeling, with just a little uncertainty in their heartlessness to show that love might have been once possible. When the old fashions have all come back complete, I shall put on a stiff brocade, and build my beautiful hair up high above my forehead, and wear a quilled ruff six inches deep about my neck, and I shall hold receptions twice a week and try to be queen of a little court of my own. Poor Elizabeth, proud, lonely queen! There was reason for the hardness of her heart, for there are things told in her history such as have happened to me, and they made my heart hard and cruel too.

I am not beautiful, but I have a commanding air and presence. I am not gentle nor sweet-tempered, but neither am I fretful. I have simply a will so strong that neither persons nor things stand long in its way. Yet it has happened to me to love and to be loved.

Once, it seems now like ages since, and yet it is not so very long ago as we count years. Nell Ridley and I were up in my room together getting ready for the concert. My brother, who was engaged to Nell, and Guy Strathmore were to be our escorts. I had not known Guy Strathmore very long then. I was studying him.

As I was pinning a black barbe on Nell's hair, she startled me by saying suddenly,

"What big eyes the Strathmore makes at you. Oh! don't prick so!"

"Perhaps they're like yours and see what isn't to be seen," I retorted, but inwardly was not offended.

"O, I see, and I see, and I see!" said the damsel, nodding her head sagely.

"And what do you see, little midge?"

"A proud, handsome, chivalric gentleman who don't know his own mind, and a proud lady who could make him know it, if she wasn't so awfully proud."

"Three *prouds* in one sentence! You had better leave off studying hearts, and learn what tautology means," I said severely.

She pouted and said no more, twisting her engagement ring on her finger, as if forsooth she knew more of hearts by that token than I who had played with a score! And I was not displeased, I always rather liked to hear it suggested that any gentleman cared for me—and more than all, Strathmore. I cast a little glance of satisfaction at my regal face in the mirror, and then as my look fell lower on the reflection of Nell's face, I saw her peeping at me through her eyelashes.

When we reached the concert hall, we found that our tickets took us to the foremost seats in the body of the house, and there was not more than six feet between us and the high platform where the orchestra and the chorus sat. The music was to be grand—the violins were grouped in the centre, nearly fifty of them, for stringed instruments were to predominate; then the other musicians were a little behind them. The four voices that were to take solos were directly in front, and the chorus singers filled up the sides, perfectly massed together, they were so many. All this we saw at a glance as we composed ourselves in our seats, while close above us the conductor was already turning the leaves and raising his baton.

In a moment more the soprano's voice cleft the air, and up went Nell's ready glass to her eyes. It was a blonde who sang, with pouting, coral lips and golden curls, a Teutonic beauty, whose blue eyes held a conscious sparkle. She sang well, for her voice was powerful and swept over the high notes easily; it was not quite all one wants to hear in a voice, but it was as much as we often do hear, and one never felt afraid of a failure for her, which was something. It was like a leaping, bounding wave, and the whole ocean came after it as the chorus thundered in. The chorus was grand, a mighty tumult of melody perfectly under the master's control. They rose as they sang, like a field of grain after the wind has swept over it. I like to study faces in a leisurely, superficial way, so I studied some of these as they sang, since I must not look too often at the handsome one beside me.

One of the girls was obliged to stand so near the edge of the platform that the low rail around it pressed close against her dress. She wore something dark, and a pink and white knit cape about her shoulders, which was loosened as she rose. Her glances never strayed towards the audience, but a little impatient movement as one of her neighbors whispered to her while she was singing, made the pink cape slip quite away from her, and it fell over from the platform to the floor right in front of us. She looked down after it, but her voice never stopped. I glanced at Strathmore, he was watching her too.

"Why don't somebody pick it up for her?" Nell whispered.

Strathmore rose slowly, took the thing in his hand, and reached it up to the chorus-girl. She received it with a little nod of thanks and no confusion, singing all the while, and her eyes for a fraction of an instant met his, before she turned them back to her book. Strathmore came back to my side.

"I never saw such eyes," he whispered with interest, "they looked yellow, and then they grew black!"

"Ringed like a wasp's body?" I asked.

"No! but indeed they were wonderful. Can't you get a peep at them?"

"I am not in the habit of peeping at a stage-girl's eyes," I answered haughtily.

"Fie! that isn't pretty!" whispered Nell, who always managed to hear everything. But Strathmore did not say anything, in fact there was no chance to say anything, for just then the tenor took up his part, the perfect, perfect tenor, and it was almost profane to breathe. This concert was the first production of the Walpurgis Night in our city, and what a fascinating hour Strathmore and I had spent the evening before, studying into the plot, hunting up references, and letting our fancies run riot among old Druids and mountain witches. Then with all this set to music by Mendelssohn, what more could an enthusiast ask? I sighed with delight at the end of one long strain, and Strathmore looking round at me sighed too. This man after so few short interviews was winning tenderer thoughts from me than ever man did before. It seemed so strange to me as I sat there with my accustomed dignity and cold smile, to feel how the warm flame was leaping up behind the ice.

The next morning at breakfast Nell asked abruptly,

"Is Guy Strathmore rich?"

"Nothing but his salary. Why?" said Ben.

"Has he a mind—will he be a great man?"

"Maybe. Depends on how he is influenced. Why, what makes you so curious about Strathmore?"

"O, nothing," said Nell.

I never asked questions, I trusted to myself to fathom whomever I pleased, and I meant to fathom Strathmore. For his presence gave me a new feeling, which might be love, and I never had cared for any one very much before. Strathmore was chivalric, he was handsome, too, after a manly fashion, and the little deferential courtesies he rendered were very winning. I think one reason why I had grown cold and regardless in society was because of all the foppishness and conceit that had always drifted up about me. Here at last was something different, and something of a woman's better nature asserted itself in me. I longed for his coming, I missed him when away, though I would not for worlds have had this seen in my demeanor. And yet his was not exactly a strong, conquering nature, I felt that all the while, I felt strongest myself. But there was something altogether beautiful to me in my association with him. I felt constant little kindly impulses towards him, I was willing to rise to move a curtain or a shade if the light fell on his eyes, to bring him any book he chanced to mention, and even to pare an apple for him if apples were in order. All of which was abnegation in me who was accustomed to sit statelily and be served. I used to fight down the impulses sometimes, but even when I did not I never supposed anybody noticed them, and Strathmore would lift his dark eyes with a smile in them up to mine which paid me. He became a *habitué* of the house, sometimes looking a little distraught and sad, and sometimes gay and chivalric, giving a delicate point to all his attentions which made them mine.

One evening, Nell, who was somewhat an amateur artist and sported a portfolio of sketches in crayon and sepia, brought out her collection to amuse Strathmore and me. There were bits of foliage, copies of casts, studies of faces, all with enough talent in them to make it worth while to keep on turning the leaves. At length we came upon a mere outline, but it was fascinating—a singular face, a girl's face, with brooding eyes. It haunted me. Strathmore held it out in his hand.

"I wish you would be gracious and give me this," he said to Nell.

"You recognise it then," said Nell.

"Why, is it any one we know?" I exclaimed, bending forward curiously.

"Bethink yourself," she said, "a concert hall, a fallen cape, a man restoring it, and a face with great changeable eyes turned for a second towards him. Aye, you have it now—that chorus-girl! There was something to delight an artist in the attitude of her head and I caught it!"

"I would not have thought you could have seen so much," said Strathmore, dreamily, still holding the picture out in his hand.

"Oh, I have my two eyes, and nothing escapes them," she said, triumphantly; "there, behold a tenor who can sing, and it please you!"

Yes, there with a half dozen lines was drawn the tenor's pure, melancholy face with the soul in it. I began to feel a sort of respect for Nell.

"But you have not said whether I may have this," said Strathmore, lifting the picture of the chorus girl.

"With all my heart," Nell answered; "only you must let me keep it a day and put in the shading. I'll make it a pretty picture for you."

With this promise we closed the portfolio and began to talk about poetry, a region where Strathmore shone by reason of his native delight in beautiful things.

When Nell and I were in our room that night, she said—

"Ada, did you remark Guy Strathmore's interest in that picture?"

"Yes," I said, carelessly, "it was a pretty thing."

"I laid it there for a trap," she went on coolly, "because the other day I am almost sure I saw him walking with her."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "it must have been somebody else."

"Maybe, and maybe not," said Nell, with one of her provoking nods.

"I'll ask him, when he comes again," I suggested then.

"Why, you disagreeable marplot! you shan't. To make him think I spy on him and play tricks on him! No, you keep still, and I'll find out, without his ever dreaming of it."

I said no more. Let Nell plot away if she pleased, her plots never came to anything, and of course if Strathmore had known the girl he would have said so.

However, the next day as I was crossing a public square, it really seemed to me that I saw Strathmore's form in the distance, and a girl with him who might be she of the chorus. Still I doubted if it were not merely a coincidence coming naturally enough after last night's talk with Nell. The two were walking rapidly, and as I watched them they disappeared around a corner.

I asked Strathmore that evening if he knew the chorus-girl, for now I could do it without involving Nell. I told him I thought I saw them down the street.

"No," he said, languidly, opening his eyes at me, "I don't know her."

"But you wanted her picture," interposed Nell.

"I wanted her picture because you drew it," he replied, which seemed to mollify her. Going to her portfolio, she took out two sketches and held them before him.

"Take your choice," she said.

One was the face of the chorus-girl, with the expression deepened to a pathetic patience, and the eyes made wilder and sadder by a few added shades. There was an untaught grace about it which was not unpleasing, yet it did not please me.

The other face *did* please me. It was my own. I don't know when Nell caught the idea of that with her two eyes, but I felt that it was just like me, cold and impassive as a statue, with the head held proudly erect, low brow, level eyelids, fearless eyes, and the mouth delicately curved, cruelly firm. It was not chilling nor repelling, it challenged admiration, love even. I always liked to think I resembled the antique statue of the huntress Diana. Oh, don't think me vain to talk so much of myself. I am past vanity now.

Strathmore looked eagely from one picture to the other while we awaited his choice. I was amazed that he hesitated. It was only an instant, however, he looked up into my eyes with one of those looks that always stirred my heart to tenderness; and then he took the face which was mine.

"Oh, well! I won't be mean. You may have both if you like," said Nell, and he took both and thanked her.

"What are you going to do with my picture?" I asked, assuming dislike of the whole proceeding.

"Oh, now don't put on prudishness," exclaimed Nell, "he only wants it for its artistic merit."

It was not for me to contradict that, and when he went out of the house, the two faces went with him rolled up together.

After he had gone, Nell and I fairly quarreled, for she said that Strathmore told a falsehood when he denied knowing the chorus-girl. I was very indignant at that, and accused her of a mean, suspicious nature. The idea of Strathmore giving a second thought to a girl like that! I felt ashamed of myself for having asked him the question!

"Nevertheless," said Nell, "I shall keep my eyes and ears open; but you need not be afraid, Ada, of my uttering another word to you against your pet. Unless, indeed, you come and entreat me to some day," she added with a touch of spite.

One afternoon my brother came in at an unusual hour, and I detected him and Nell very busy in a conference which ended abruptly at my approach.

"Ada," Ben said, "aunt Mohun is dead."

"Is she?" I replied. I had never seen her but once.

"Yes—and you're her heiress. Two hundred thousand, and you were not a pauper before!"

"I congratulate you, Ada," said Nell, good-naturedly, and kissed me.

It was true. Wealth was thrust upon me. I was very calm about it outwardly—but in my heart there was a tumult of pleased excitement. And why? Because I was in love, I think. I had wished for riches and power of late, but only that I might lay them at an idol's feet. Strathmore, my brilliant, courtly, fascinating Strathmore, seemed to me the hero of my maiden dreams, and yet I supposed that I knew he was not altogether perfect. I saw his faults and was reconciled to them through love. I saw that his nature was elegant and luxurious, much influenced by surroundings; it reminded me how precious my new wealth was, for it could procure so much of lofty delight, rare pictures and statuary, books and music, and delicious ease. How I should glory in laying it all in his hands. I could see that it pleased him to sit still like a king and receive devotion. Very well, I would give it to him, and that I could never do for another man in the world. I was so proud, I liked to be the worshipped one myself; but for Strathmore's sake I would abdicate, I would exalt him. And my reward should be that he loved me; that of all the world he held me alone dear. I should see the rare soft light kindle in his eyes as I came near, and hear the caressing tenderness creep into his words, and he should be my hero endowed with high honor, truth and chivalry. I would give wealth, life, happiness, all, into Strathmore's hands, when the hour came for him to demand it, and I felt that the hour would come.

Meanwhile Strathmore grew abstracted, unlike himself. One week his visits would be frequent, the next he would not come at all; and with me he would sometimes be confused, and sometimes his words and gestures were full of pleading grace, not unmingled with sadness. I knew he was aware of my aunt's will—I saw it might make him sensitive about approaching me, so I felt that it was right to throw an added kindness and more marked preference into my manner. Ben usually kept a careful eye upon all my flirtations as he termed them, but this time he was engrossed by Nell, and this time I was not flirting.

The hour of fate came one day as I had determined it should. Strathmore asked me to marry him, asked it, looking straight into my eyes, with words which made me, proud Ada Fleming, timid as a child. Was there any lack of earnestness? I never thought so. I laid my hand in his, and he drew me to his heart. I had found home at last. That was our engagement.

Nell arched her eyebrows when I told her, and Ben whistled, but not for want of thought.

"So that's the way the wind was blowing, my lady sister, and you are caught at last!" he exclaimed, "I hope it may end well. I have nothing to say against Strathmore."

"That's a gloomy congratulation," said Nell. "I'll give you a better. May you be as happy as I am—you can't be more."

Nell had got into the habit of long absences in the forenoons. She was full of business, packages were continually arriving for her, dainty embroideries and rare laces lay about in her room, and dress patterns hung over the chairs. Nell was getting ready to be married.

One day she came in quite flushed and excited.

"Where have you been now?" I asked.

"Oh, to see my new seamstress. She sews exquisitely, and is a rare bit of nature herself. I'm quite interested in her."

"Could I get her to sew for me?" I asked, for vague visions of mountains of work like Nell's loomed up before me who was a very woman at last.

"Well," said Nell slowly, "I hardly know. I do not think she ought to sew for you, Ada."

"Why not, you selfish girl!" I demanded.

"Nan?" she said, inclining her head towards me like a deaf Welsh girl, as was her wont when she did not mean to answer questions.

"How silly to make a mystery over a sewing-girl, just because you want her all to yourself!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

That evening Strathmore called to take us to a concert. The performance was to be Haydn's Seasons, with a splendid orchestra and the finest voices procurable. Nell and I had been very eager to go. Strathmore did not seem to care much about it, but yielded at last to his liege lady, as he called me, so we went. He had obtained seats for us, not where we had them before, but in the balcony above. Nell explored the stage with her opera glass.

"There's our interesting little chorus-girl," she suddenly whispered. Strathmore did not seem to hear her. I felt a little provoked.

"What do *we* care?" I said. "Don't be a simpleton, Nell!"

The concert began, the music went on; it was very fine, everybody said. I thought so, too, at the time, but now I seem to remember scarcely anything but one little incident, which occurred in the fourth part, in one of the choruses of "Winter," where run these words:

"Let the wheel move gayly,
Singing as it circles," &c., &c.

The sweet, clear notes of the music, the repetitions, were beautiful, and tolerably well rendered by the chorus. But suddenly, as if unconsciously, one voice soared high above the rest, in defiance of chorus etiquette, almost as if it dared to improvise a harmonious variation of its own, airily delicate, yet full and sweet, leaping from note to note, and distinct to every one above all the hundred other voices which sang together. The conductor frowned and swung his baton nervously; it was evidently a shocking surprise to him, but as the voice went on, the lovely, lofty soprano, without a discord, he did not falter in his position, though when the strain ended his face wore a look of great relief, and he cast one instantaneous glance towards the side whence the voice arose. The solo soprano, in her pink silk and white lace, looked displeased and bit her lip.

I had raised my opera glass and sought out the bold singer. It was she of the fallen cape, she whom Nell sketched, and she looked as if she did not know at all that she was doing a singular thing. Her face wore an utter unconsciousness, a quiet happiness, and her eyes were bent down. It seemed as if her soul sang unknown to her. It was wonderful. I glanced at Strathmore.

"What did she do that for?" he murmured, in a vexed tone.

"Our little Psyche has found a soul! I wonder where?" whispered Nell in our ears.

The music went on methodically enough after that, and the concert closed at last with a storm of applause from the audience. We had none of us much to say on the way home, but I was very happy, for Strathmore drew my arm so closely in his, and now and then gave me one of his tenderest glances in the moonlight. And he lingered a long while with his good-night, almost as if he clung to me, almost as if he found safety in my presence. After he went, I stood before the great mirror in the parlor, surveying myself, Ada Fleming. I stood there, tall, erect, glowing, with my large, luminous eyes, radiant with life and happiness. I was beautiful that night, and I remember I lifted my hand, loosening the coils of my golden brown hair so that it fell about my face, over my shoulders; it was my halo of glory. I felt like a queen, and that pleased me, for I gave myself to Strathmore, and I wanted my gift to be a worthy one. I liked to look in the mirror and think "That is Guy's love!" Life has been uncrowned since.

I knew that at this time Strathmore occupied rooms, bachelor fashion, on one of our pleasantest streets. He had often mentioned casually choice engravings, foreign curiosities, antique volumes, which I must see some day, but I never had seen them as yet. Nell's curiosity was quite excited, and she often urged me to make some little errand there, and take her with me; but I could not quite consent to do that, it might not please Strathmore. She accomplished her end at last, though, without me; she coaxed Ben, and he made a pretext one day to rush in unceremoniously, as a man can, taking her with him, an apparently unwilling visitor.

"Three rooms, Ada!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "and the loveliest furniture you ever saw, and such beautiful pictures! I wish you could see one of them. That man has no money; he must have spent every cent he owned in luxuries. It's well you're an heiress, Ada!"

The words jarred a little, but Ben took up the discourse good-naturedly unconscious.

"It is a pretty place, Ada, and I think it's a shame Strathmore don't take you in some day to see it. I'll do it myself; you shall go with me, no one can object to that. I certainly never saw more magnificently colored meerschaums!"

I did not answer, but I could not help feeling a little wish to see the place where he I loved had dwelt so long.

Chance made Ben as good as his word. No, I will not call it chance, it was fate, providence, what you will. We were going to call for Nell at the house of one of her friends, and we were walking leisurely down the street, when a great drop fell on my mauve hat, and two on my gloves; woman-nature could not bear that. I looked up and saw dark clouds swiftly gathering, and instinctively I darted into a doorway.

"What shall I do, Ben?" I exclaimed; "it's raining!"

Ben looked puzzled, as a man will, but suddenly his face became radiant.

"Why, it's the easiest thing that ever was. I'll take you right up into Strathmore's parlor, and tell him about it, and you can wait here while I get a carriage and go for Nell. Then we'll call and take you with us."

"Is this Guy's place?" I asked, all in a tumult.

"The very place, and now you'll see it." So he hurried me up stairs, and knocking once, opened a door and drew me in. There was no one there, but Ben said Strathmore must be coming back in a minute, or he would not have left his door unlocked. At all events, it was raining hard already, and there was nothing for me to do but to remain there till he got a carriage; so, leaving me half bewildered at my unexpected position, he rushed off. I will not deny, however, that I was rather pleased at this turn of affairs.

This was his parlor, a sunny little room, with paintings on the walls, two or three bronzes in the corners, some fresh rose-buds in a vase on the table, a sofa and easy-chairs. There was a great portfolio of engravings on a rack, and on one side of the room a high book-case, well filled. From this opened another apartment, his favorite, I should judge, with a baize-covered table in the centre, spread with newspapers, more easy-chairs, and on the mantle Ben's admiration, the meerschaums, half a dozen in different degrees of color. A flute and a violin were in one corner, in another a curiously carved cane, and under the window was a great lazy-looking lounge. Then there was his writing-desk, with the loose manuscript scattered over it, and a bronze Satan for a paper-weight. It was no wonder that Strathmore's income scarcely lasted the year out. I thought, with a smile, how all his embarrassments would vanish when I came into his life. Then he could have a fair field for his taste and talents; and I would awaken his ambition, for I believed him all-powerful, and together we would achieve a brilliant future. Dear Guy, his smile and the light in his loyal eyes would be my very life!

Thinking these thoughts as I moved about the room, I discovered suddenly a little curtain drawn across a portion of the farthest corner, as if some treasure were behind. I stepped up to it and lifted the curtain; there hung the picture of the chorus-girl! elegantly framed, with a little bracket beneath it holding a small vase of exquisite white flowers. The strange, lovely, haunting face! it seemed to blind me for a moment: I felt dizzy; but a voice behind me was like cold water thrown in my face.

"Can you tell me when Mr. Strathmore will be in?" asked the clear, sad voice.

There stood the chorus-girl herself. I believe that I have self control when it is necessary. I had it then, outwardly.

"I cannot tell you when he will come. I will give him any message you desire."

"Thank you. I will not leave any," she said.

Then I grew insolent.

"Your coming here is a little peculiar, to say the least, I think."

"Yes," she said, simply. She did not turn upon me.

She stood thoughtfully a moment, looking up at her picture on the wall, not at all as if she were surprised to see it there. I looked at her steadily, studying the pure outlines of her face, and then she turned her eyes towards me, her wonderful eyes, full of innocence and truth; I must own that. And she said quietly,

"I think I will write a little note, and leave it for Mr. Strathmore."

I did not answer, and she went directly to his desk, took up half a sheet of paper, wrote a few lines on it slowly, folded and sealed it in an envelope, and laid it partly under the bronze Satan. Then, with a slight, dignified bow, she passed out of the room. Certainly she was more polite than I. I wonder if she appreciated the situation, and felt at that moment that we were sworn foes. In spite of my insolence, she must have trusted me. I do not think my face looks as if I could possibly do a mean action, however bitter and revengeful I might feel. But for once my face belied me; I was beside myself with jealousy. I could not resist going to the desk, and taking into my own hand that note which might be fraught with so much unhappiness to me. I longed to know its contents. I turned it over curiously, and taking it to the window tried to see if in any way I could decipher a word by bending the envelope and holding it up to the light. It made me wretch-

ed to think of doing it, but I was so perfectly wretched before that an added touch could not make it much worse. I was just making out the word "*come*," when Nell's ringing voice exclaimed,

"So we got you here at last, proud lady! What are you doing over there?"

In my terror I hid the note in my pocket, and faced her with all the composure I could assume. She and Ben had come with the carriage at last; but now the rain was over, and the sun was breaking out.

"I wonder where Strathmore can be," said Ben; "let's leave a few signs to show him how his room has been invaded."

So Ben went about tipping over chairs, inverting an urn, building a pyramid of books, and indulging in all manner of freaks, while Nell hurried me from one thing to another, pointing out what she liked best.

"So you saw this?" she asked meaningly, as we approached the drawn curtain which revealed the chorus-girl's picture.

"Yes," I said; "tell me all about her now, Nell." For I felt that Nell knew more than I; and I remembered how she had said she would never speak of it again till I was willing to ask her.

"Do you really ask me, Ada? Take care, perhaps you had better not know," she replied, with hesitancy in her tones.

"Tell me," was all I said.

"And after all, you may not call it much that I have to tell. Strathmore is a man who follows out a fancy when one seizes him. I imagine those changeable eyes haunted him till he found out the owner and entered her little world of friends. She had never known anyone like him, he made her love him—do you see how she could help it? He was so charmed by her lofty dreams of him, that one day he forgot himself and told her he loved her. Poor little thing! she was very happy. You heard how she sang at that second concert—that was her soul triumphing; she did not know how much she had lost even then. Fate never intended her for Strathmore: it was only a fancy. You need not be jealous, Ada, you are dearest now. He has drawn a curtain over her picture—he has drawn another in his heart over her memory. If I were you, I would never disturb either. But I confess my sympathies are with the poor little chorus-girl, and I shall give her all my sewing to do," concluded Nell, with a comical pathos, as if she wished to destroy the effect of her story. But nothing could do that.

We went away before Strathmore returned—and the note was still in my pocket. I burned it when I reached home; what it contained I never knew. If it were a last appeal, a summons to come, it was all in vain. Strathmore never read it. What else could I do? I was happy no longer; yet I loved him still. My idol was fallen, yet I could not bear to have another worshipper approach it. In all the pain and unrest that settled down on my heart, one determination grew fixed and distinct, to win him from all others, to make him surely my own, and after that I would begin to think of revenge. For I could not forgive him; no, I could never forgive him, for speaking of love to me at the very time when he knew how another was trusting him. Ada Fleming could not brook disloyalty. And it was then that I understood how Queen Elizabeth felt when she discovered that Leicester was treacherous in love.

I knew of course by this that the chorus-girl was Nell's treasure of a seamstress, and I determined to make it in my way to call on her. I asked Nell where she lived.

"What do you want of her?" she said, sharply.

"I am going to take some work to her. I shall tell her that I am engaged to Guy Strathmore, and have a great deal of sewing in consequence. I knew I had better tell Nell the truth, for she always found me out if I tried to hide anything. She looked at me in amazement.

"Have you the heart to do it?" she exclaimed; "cruel girl, you shall not! And yet, and yet, she ought to know—and no one dares to tell her. Go, if you will; but I should think you would be afraid to go to sleep to-night with the conscience you must have!"

So she told me the place, and the next day I made up a package of work and sought out the chorus-girl's home. It was a poor little house, on a poor little street; and I groped my way up the dark stairs to her room. I tapped on the door, and she bade me "come in." There she sat at her one window, with her work in her lap, and a sad, dreamy look in her eyes. I had no pity for her, she had crossed my path. I walked straight in, in a proud, unconscious way, and going up to her, said—

"My friend, Miss Ridley, has told me how nicely you sew; and I have a great deal of work to be done—as I am expecting to be married in the spring to Mr. Strathmore, you know. I would like to engage you to sew for me.

I stood over her relentlessly, knowing what a blow I dealt. She lifted her great pathetic eyes up at me, with a hopeless wonder in them, and for a moment did not speak. But her face never changed; and when she did speak, her voice did not falter. I admired my enemy.

"I am about making an engagement to accompany Mr. Schultze as a singer for a few months, through different cities," she said, "so I cannot do your work, although you are to be married to Mr. Strathmore?"

"How unfortunate!" I said, "you do sew so exquisitely." And I took up from the table a bit of cambric, with embroidered initials, all interwoven with vine leaves. "Can't you do anything at all for me?" I asked, persistently.

"No, it is impossible," she answered, gently.

So then, as my work was done, and there was no more to be said, I bade her good morning and went away. But how often since have I thought of that bare, homely room, so small and poor, with only one window for sunlight, and the slight drooping figure sitting there hopelessly. I wonder how it seemed to her as my silken robes rustled and swept out of the door, and she knew that I was going away to luxury and to Strathmore?

So I secured my rival's non-interference, and when Strathmore came next, no one was so gay as I, rallying him about his unlocked rooms and unguarded treasures. He looked at me a little expectantly at first, as if he wondered whether I would speak of that picture, but I did not, so his brow cleared, and it really seemed as if there was some new link between us, for he grew more winningly attentive than ever before. But I understood him now, understood all the weakness and self-indulgence that lay hidden away under that grace and dignity. And yet I loved him so that it was like tearing my heart to think of giving him up.

"Guy, Guy, do you really love me?" I asked that night, hoping even then that a noble nature might be born in him and assert itself.

He wound his arm about me, who stood like a statue.

"I do love you, my queen, you, only you."

"Never any but me?" I asked.

"Never, never, any one but you, Ada." And at the moment he perhaps believed so. There was a flaw somewhere in this man's soul. Flaws enough in mine, too, I grant, but no deceit, no weakness. From that time every day my determination grew firmer to break my engagement with Strathmore. I only awaited some provocation to give me strength to do it.

The chorus-girl left the city. Nell told me of it, and after that we saw her name mentioned with approval in the papers. The conductor had sought her out after that night when she sang so wonderfully, and now she was chief favorite of his, to the utter disgust of the Teutonic soprano. That was the rumor in the circles of musical gossip.

"Did you ever know her?" I asked carelessly one evening of Strathmore, as if we had never spoken of her before.

"No, I never knew her," he answered, lifting his false eyes to mine.

That made me strong. I told him all then, about the picture, the note, my interview, all. I think at last he writhed under the truth, and when, instead of a frank confession, a manly regret, he attempted miserable excuses, and entreated me to love him still, then my hour was come. I scorned him, I scathed him with bitter, true words—and that was the breaking of our engagement.

And now I live my life alone. I have no more trust, no more love to bestow. I know exactly how Queen Elizabeth felt when she learned what Leicester was. I take up Kenilworth sometimes and read it all over how she met Amy Robsart in the bower, and it makes the old passion flame up again in my heart. But being yet young I have a career before me, and I will carry it through right royally, though there is no room for love or tenderness any more, no hope of a home-hearth or a sweet womanly life. But I can do without these things.

A year ago my sister-in-law, Nell Fleming, told me that Strathmore had quite sunk out of social knowledge, lost all his prestige, but was married at last, married to the beautiful cantatrice who loved, it seems, better than I, since she could forgive inconstancy. And now he accompanies his wife in her musical tours. Poor little chorus-girl! I think her life is as sad as mine; I bear her no malice now, but I think sometimes Fate has prepared for me a subtler revenge than I ever planned. For there was something fine and noble in her nature, and sooner or later she will discover the flaw in Strathmore's soul, and that will be fatal.

Meanwhile I await the coming in of the old Elizabethan fashions, for I have nothing to do but to dress magnificently, and be cold and proud like a queen.

CORN-FLOWERS.

From dawn till dusk, we followed up
The reapers through the wheat;
And tied the rustling grain that lay
Like sunshine at our feet.

Kate laughed with Willie all day long,
And Kate sang merrily;
He said she sang like any bird,
And then she laughed to me.

For Kate he reaped the poppies red
That nodded in the corn;
For me he broke a pale sweet rose,
And pulled away the thorn.

He said the flowers were like her cheek.
My heart was sore all day;
And when he held the rose to me,
I turned my face away.

The blue shades fell; and by the stile
At dusk we sat to rest;
Through tears, I watched the angel's wings
That flickered in the west.

They gossiped; and I heard them say:
"Oh, she is never seen
When Kate is near! She's slight and pale;
And Kate is like a queen."

And they went gayly by the fields:
And I, to hide my pain,
Slipped from them at the dusky stile,
And went home by the lane.

I heard his step—I would not stay—
And when he came so near,
I felt him breathe—I would not look,
And dried a silly tear.

Then bitterly he spoke. He held
The rose I would not wear;
And I said: "Give it Kate; she twined
The poppies in her hair!"

"Oh, hear me now, below the moon
That watches from above!
I jest with merry Kate," he said,
"But never speak of love.

"And what is Kate between us two?
I love but you alone:
Oh! take the sign, and take my heart;
Since, love, it is your own!"

I took the rose. A little bird
Sang out a song for me;
And broadly smiled the harvest-moon,
Our happy looks to see.

Nearness of Death.

When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one single misstep, and those mighty engines will tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a rail-car, and there is nothing but an inch of iron flange to hold us on the track. So when we are in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine, then, that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank, or half an inch iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold the beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition ruptures, it would be the same with us as if a cannon-ball struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he would to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go farther from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

A SAD PICTURE.

I live in one of the Midland counties of England, where the cattle plague is raging—has raged, I should rather say, as it seems now to be dying out, from the simple reason, that there are but few beasts left to be attacked by it; and going one day last week to my business, which, I may mention, is quite unconnected with agriculture, I met a gentleman skimming along the frozen road in a very light dog-cart, drawn by a beautiful bay. The driver was Mr. L——, a veterinary surgeon, heretofore better known by a familiar contraction of his professional title, but now an eminent local authority, referred to deferentially as the "Government Inspector." He pulled up at once, the mare amusing herself with cutting a slide on a convenient strip of ice, and then executing a *pas seul* as her master accosted me. A merry-looking man, as busy men often are, who has the supervision of a very large district infected with rinderpest, and is constantly to be seen flying about in all directions.

"Where are you going to-day?" I inquired.

"Rounds, at F——," he replied; "an eight-mile drive; it's a lovely morning—will you go with me?"

I declined the offer, but he detected indecision in the tone of my refusal, and unbuttoned the driving-apron, turning it back from the vacant seat. The temptation was great, and I jumped into the dancing vehicle without tearing *much* of my trowsers on the step, or sharpening *both* legs on the wheel.

"Emmie!" whispered my companion affectionately over the splash-board, and at the sound of her name the pretty mare bounded away. I suffered a slight inconvenience at first from being partially bonneted by the descent at regular intervals of my driver's whip on the top of my hat. I discovered that this was caused by his constantly raising his elbow in salutation as he was recognized and greeted by the people we passed. Sometimes we had to stop at the signal of an upheld finger, to relieve some friend's mind, anxious to know "how things were going on;" and I thought the inspector's memory was heavily taxed when he was called upon to recollect in a moment how many cows had been lost or saved on all the farms he attended.

We arrived at length in the neighborhood my companion meant to inspect. It was his first visit, it having been previously under the *care* (?) of another inspector, who had signally failed in his treatment of the plague; for he had commenced by adopting a ridiculous theory, and ended by becoming hopelessly intoxicated. Thus the district had been intrusted to L——, who, as he had besides to look after a large one of his own, found himself almost overwhelmed with engagements. He told me, for instance, that on the previous day he arrived at home, after a long day's drive, at 8 o'clock in the evening, and then, changing his horse, had to start upon a round of twenty-five miles, in another direction. On arriving at F——, a little town in a picturesque part of the country, surrounded by dairy-farms, we sought some conductor, who could introduce the inspector to his new sphere of usefulness, and found an excellent one in an obliging policeman, who seemed to be on intimate terms with every one in the neighborhood. A rural constable does not at all resemble the reserved functionary who guards the London streets, but is a sociable sort of official, who adequately supplies in country places the want of a daily paper; leisurely strolling over an extended beat, he sees and chats with a number of people in the course of the day, and is consequently always "posted up" in the latest local intelligence. Under his guidance, we drove to a farm which lay a short distance beyond the town. My companion, while skillfully guiding his mare over the difficult road which led to the homestead, learned from the officer the name and circumstances of the farmer to whom we were going, and whom we found standing despondently at his door. I must here remark, that most of the farms in this part of the county are held by men in a humble position of life, and consist almost entirely of pasture-land, on which great numbers of cows are fed and kept for the purposes of the dairy.

"Good-morning, Mr. ——," said I, ——, cordially to the farmer: "sorry to hear you've been so unfortunate. I've just come to look over your little stock—if you'll allow me."

"Certainly, sir," he replied; "but I haven't much left to show you."

We went to the cow-houses; the yard, littered and disused, looked inexpressibly dreary and forsaken; while the numerous empty stalls, where five-and-twenty healthy cows had stood but a short time ago, told their own sad tale. Of all his beasts, the farmer had only three remaining—two he showed us, with a gleam of satisfaction in his worn-looking face, chasing each other in a field some distance away; these had quite recovered: the third was evidently in an advanced stage of the disease; and, at a glance, the inspector saw that its case was a hopeless one; a poor lean animal, it stood with drooping head and quivering limbs—a touching picture of misery.

"You must kill her, Mr. ——," said I, ——.

"Nor, sir; *don't* say that," appealed the poor farmer, earnestly. "I've lost 'em all, and I don't know what's to become of us."

"Now, look here," argued the inspector persuasively; "that cow *must* die. If you kill her, you will receive half her value, under the new regulations; if you do not, why, you know, as she is in such a state, *I* must, and then you'll get nothing."

This was to the point; and the farmer gave way, ordered a grave to be dug, and said he would destroy the cow in an hour from that time. It was arranged that the policeman should return to witness the death; and the owner of the animal, having stated its value at £16, L—— made a memorandum, assured him that compensation would be paid, and with a few kindly words of condolence, took his leave. Taking up the constable into our vehicle, we drove away to another larger farm, where no less than forty-five cows had died. The tenant had never sold one from the time of the first appearance of the disease. He was an old man (he had been seriously ill, our conductor told us, from the shock he had experienced,) and the savings of a lifetime were gone.

"I've lost my little all," he said to us, heart-broken.

I could not help fancying that his voice resembled that of poor Robson, when he used to play in pathetic dramas; but there was *real* trouble in this man's quivering tone, and a *real* ruined home at the back of the scene. With a trembling hand, he pointed silently to a field about a quarter of a mile distant, where a huge letter T was described by the arrangement of forty great mounds. In the graves under those mounds lay forty animals, and buried with them the thrift and industry of forty years of the farmer's life. Newspapers give "graphic accounts" no doubt, but I had never realized the cattle plague until then. I looked out over the fields—perhaps somewhat longer than necessary—in order to give the farmer an opportunity of steadying his voice; and glancing at the Government Inspector, I detected him tilting his hat a little more out of the perpendicular than usual, in an uneasy, fidgetty way. One cow was dying in an isolated shed in the yard. We went to look at her (passing more of the empty stalls that gave so chill an aspect to the place;) the poor beast lay prostrate, her flanks heaving, her protuberant bones scarcely covered with skin, and her ribs raised with horrible distinctness above her fallen and almost fleshless sides. She was in a pitiable state, and had lain thus for many days, until she became covered with sores. The former inspector, carrying out some absurd notions of his own, had said that she need not be destroyed; and so the wretched animal had been inhumanly left to a terrible, lingering death. Some young farm-laborers standing round were trying to induce her to eat, anxiously watching her, though hope was gone, for she had been the pride of the dairy. My companion, after examining the cow, with an expression of concern on his face that a London physician might have coveted, turned to the farmer and said, as gently as he could: "I am afraid she must be killed; it is impossible for her to recover."

The poor man sorrowfully nodded assent.

"Here," said L——, "which of you fellows will do it? Will *you?*" he inquired of one of the laborers near.

The lad shook his head.

"Noo," replied he, "oi connа do *that*," with a tone meant to convey that he usually was ready for any amount of slaughter, but on this occasion he was not i' the vein.

"Here, will *you?*" said the inspector, turning to another of them; but he only received the same answer. "Damn it, then," said the inspector, "fetch me an axe." I confess I have never looked upon the expletive "damn it" with the proper amount of right-minded horror, and have always, I am ashamed to say, secretly admired the many delicate shades of inflection the pronunciation of it is capable of receiving. On this occasion there was such a world of kindly sympathy expressed in the tone in which it was uttered, that the recording angel might have mistaken the vague curse for a blessing, and never have even *entered* it in his volume. They brought a clumsy, heavy hatchet, and gave it to my friend. He sprang over the rail that fenced in the shed, asking me to draw the dying cow's head forward to receive the blow. I did so (not feeling *at all* like a butcher,) and in another moment the young doctor had eased his patient's sufferings for ever. We fetched a cart-horse, and placed a chain round the dead animal's neck, in order that it might be dragged away to add to the size of the monster T. *There was positively a bare path* worn across the meadow, by the number of bodies drawn down it for burial. The horse, mournfully fulfilling his novel duties, slowly moved off. "*The best milch cow I ever had!*" the old man sadly said, as his favorite—dead, and oh! so wretched-looking, with strained neck and glazed eye—passed at his feet. I remember *another* funeral oration—one I had learned at school—of a far more grandiloquent character: comparison seemed grotesque, but the ruined farmer's parting eulogium touched me far more nearly than the elaborate speech of one Marcus Antonius had ever been able to do.

It was a very painful scene: the deserted yard, the vacant sheds, the silent dairy, and listless unoccupied herdsmen, composed a saddening picture, which might have been aptly entitled "Trouble." Expressing our sorrow for the misfortunes that had befallen him, and mentioning the compensation he would receive for the last animal he had lost (a sum which would scarcely pay the expense of digging that terrible T,) we took leave of the poor farmer; but the hospitality of his class struggled through his grief, and he insisted on procuring for us a goblet of home-made wine before our departure. We then visited another farm, and another; all had been attacked by the plague, and all had suffered severely: at all we beheld the wretched desolation this awful murrain had caused. At one alone the tenant had been fortunate; he had died on the day the plague commenced. The farmers received us well, and were ready to listen to and accept any advice my friend offered them as to precautionary measures they should take whereby future infection might be prevented. But all their capital had been invested in cattle, all their cattle had been destroyed, and a very dark future opening before them, they all seemed overwhelmed and paralyzed; though, as far as I could observe, they were patient and uncomplaining enough; and this not because they had no blame to lay on fellow-men, for grievous injuries have been in many instances inflicted on them. Tales of atrocity are already hinted at; and in years to come, when the story of the murrain is told in the chimney-corner of homesteads, they will be remembered and related.

It was late when we drove homewards. I was not so much inclined for conversation as when we set out, and my companion's flow of anecdote had somewhat abated. He had not previously seen the phase in the cattle plague we had then witnessed. The infected farms he had visited in his own district were either held by wealthy amateurs, who, after trying expensive experiments, and losing all their stock, declared with disgust that they would "give up farming;" or else by men who could turn for consolation to well-filled stackyards, and determine to buy no more cattle until the disease had subsided. But to these poor farmers the *cura bovum* was no more gentlemanly pastime, nor had they "bursting barns" to comfort them.

Unlike the man who claimed to be an authority on the theory of projectiles, because his leg had been carried away by a cannon-ball, I do not pretend to have gained any knowledge of the cattle plague because I have seen its effects, but I *have* gained a knowledge of the ruin an epidemic may cause; and I would rather not hear any more bad conundrums on the *rinderpest*—please.

☞ HONORARY CHURCH MEMBERS.—"Two-thirds of the members of my church," says a pastor, "are honorary members. They don't come to prayer meetings; they don't attend Sunday school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

Mr. Thompson's Umbrella.

"Augusta, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now, at least rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden, with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forgot how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They had heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to everything he said or did. I liked all, except his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long, golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta, now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told

all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear, good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor, dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights, and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little, heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty," I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie's going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him."

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure then looking for his umbrella, which he *could* always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it,—he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will.

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again, as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish, withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir at law; but I found it very hard. Poor, dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such a great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous and defiant, under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed. What would she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied; it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so, too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor, half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and, if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else, too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall, dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know *I* cannot pity her very much."

I suppose not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you—"

"Well, what about me? Do you mean can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and looked at me as he smiled. Both the look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor, shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee, and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me—but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me uneasy it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good-will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again—should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my pride and my love would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up, and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! but, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then you do really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and glanced in through the window first, and I saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me, but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

About Dogs.

Few persons are aware of the value and variety of dogs, varying, as they do, in weight from one hundred and eighty pounds to less than one pound, and in value from about five hundred dollars to less than nothing. A description of the different varieties may not be uninteresting: The Siberian bloodhound weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, measures forty inches in girth, and is worth nearly five hundred dollars. The St. Bernard dog, which is of a buff or light red color, is very large and valuable. The Newfoundland dog, when pure, is entirely black, and its pups are worth from ten to twenty dollars. The shepherd dog, or Scotch collie, is wonderful for its patience, fidelity and bravery. It is worth from fifty to one hundred dollars. The English mastiff, a good watch dog, is worth from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. Of terriers, the black and tan is most admired. It varies in weight from one pound to twenty-five pounds, increases in value as it decreases in weight. A member of the bar in this city has one which weighs less than a pound, and is the smallest we have ever seen. It could not be bought for $150. Terriers are often crossed with the Italian greyhound, producing a very delicate, but extremely useless dog. The Scotch terrier is the hardiest of dogs, and is very courageous, and is worth from ten to thirty dollars. The Scotch deerhound is the rarest and most valuable of hunting dogs. They are very rare, and are owned principally by the nobility of England. They are worth one hundred dollars each. The beagle is the smallest of the hound kind, of superior scent and endurance, and is the best sort of rabbit hunter. English greyhounds, the fleetest of dogs, are worth from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. The Italian greyhound is merely a parlor dog. The pure breed is rare and valuable, a fine one being worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

There is a great variety of pointers, setters, and spaniels. The Prince Charles variety is the most valuable of spaniels. He is supposed to have originated in Japan, where a similar breed exists. He has a round head, short nose, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, and never weighs over ten pounds. They have been sold at auction in England and have brought as high as $2,600 each. The coach dog is from Denmark, and is not of much value. Some Arctic dogs and Esquimaux dogs were brought here by Dr. Kane. One was kept for a long time at the United States Hospital at West Philadelphia. They are fox like in shape, remarkable for activity and vigilance, and have an acuter sense of hearing than any other dog. Most of the dogs about our streets are spurious, and not even half-breeds.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Premium on Babies.

We are now certain, says the Springfield Republican, that the sour old bachelors in Congress do no not control everything, for the Ways and Means Committee have agreed that the income tax shall stand as it is, with the exception that fifty dollars shall be added to the $600 excepted from tax for every child of the family up to fifteen in number. This is reasonable if population is embodied in extending the number to fifteen! That sounds like the good old times, when a family meant something more than one or two petted and spoiled children. To be sure, fifty dollars a year is a meagre allowance for a baby of any size in these times, but it is something to have the fact considered, by those who levy the taxes, that a man who obeys the original law of the race, and does his part toward replenishing the earth, necessarily uses up more of his income than the childless, and uses it too for the benefit of the country, whose wealth consists in population. Family men will take courage, and thank the Congressmen who show this consideration at the time of their services and necessities.

☞ "Isaac, my son, let the good Book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

☞ A proposal to erect a statue to Meyerbeer in Berlin has been overthrown in that city on the ground that the composer was a Jew!

☞ For the purpose of utilizing the marshes of France—which at present produce nothing but the fever and ague—a scientific gentleman named Sace proposes sowing them with Canada rye, and turning in among it a number of beavers. Both the plant and the animal can live in any climate—both would be equally useful, and one would support the other.

☞ Reserved Rights.—A white man in St. Louis became enraged at a negro, the other day, and was about to strike him with a brickbat, when the colored man fell back on his reserved rights: "Look here, white man, don't you strike me wid dat ar rock—don't you do it, sar. I'd have you to know dat when you strikes me you strikes a Bureau!"

☞ A Costly Joke.—The owner of a large dog at Grand Rapids, Michigan, a few days ago placed a hundred dollar looking-glass before his canine to worry him. The dog flew around, barking and growling. The owner was delighted and cried "Sick 'em;" the dog "sicked;" the mirror and the "other dog" disappeared at the same time. The joke rather turned on the owner.

☞ A roll of female hair, six feet long, and weighing twelve ounces, is in the hands of a London dealer.

☞ You can't be sure that a dog isn't cross till you see him wag his tail. So before you undertake to pat him, "wait for the waggin."

☞ The Methodist, speaking of the "Campbellites," the followers of Alexander Campbell, says that "the denomination has been, as concerns visible extension, eminently successful; for at the death of its founder it can claim, in this country and in the British dominions, a membership of about 300,000."

☞ The question of "Tobacco Smoking" having come before the conference of Baptist churches at Hamburg, Germany, it was unanimously resolved, "that this assembly declare the use of tobacco to be one of the things specified by the Apostle (Rom. xiv.) as belonging to Christian liberty."

☞ Boil one quarter of a pound of quassia chips fifteen minutes in one gallon of water, strain, and add four ounces of soft soap, and you have an English specific to destroy insects on bushes and vines and trees. Apply with a soft paint or shaving brush.

THE FAMILY CAT.

Here is a clever bit of domestic painting, which any one will admit is done with homely fidelity:

I can fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.
I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through the sunshine and shower—
For I am the family cat.

From the gooseberry bush,
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing,
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a choice morsel
For dinner or tea,
And no one to blame me—
Berate me or shame me—
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,
When the grounds are all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long, silver line,
I stay not to shiver,
In the moonbeam's pale quiver,
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jacky Horner
In the cosiest corner,
Breaking nobody's laws,
With my chin on my paws,
Asleep with one eye, and awake with the other,
For pats from the children, kind words from the mother—
For I am the family cat.

The March of Opinion.

When a man changes his opinions on any subject, and shapes his conduct by his new views, shallow people call him inconsistent. This all wrong. He who has been disabused of erroneous impressions by experience, and yet, from a fear of being reviled or ridiculed, conceals the fact, and adheres in practice to what he believes to be false in principle, is the really inconsistent man. With such weak-backed moral cowards—who fear the censure of fools more than they love truth—the world abounds. They are stumbling blocks in the path of progress, and deserve the contempt of all honest, fearless, noble-minded men.

There is another class of "consistent" people, who are so bigoted and conceited that demonstration itself cannot convince them that the lamp by which their feet are guided, even though it be an *ignis fatuus* that is continually betraying them into bogs, is anything less than a light from heaven. In the midst of facts that might, one would think, open the eyes of the blind, they tell you, with the pride which so often accompanies stolid prejudice, that they "like old ways best." If the world had always been made up of such conservatives of ignorance, such fighters against intelligence, primitive ploughs would be dragged through the ground attached to the tails of horses, and the belief in the immobility of the earth be as religiously entertained to-day as it was in the dark ages.

The truly consistent mind recognizes the inevitability of change. Only blockheads who refuse to listen to the teachings and illustrations of time and nature, are constant to the rules and systems of the comparative unenlightened past. "Old things are passed away." Let us study the present, and study it with reference to the future.

The Oldest Relic in the World.

There is an anecdote on record of some English visitors to one of the continental churches which boasted of its relics, having been shown a very old sword as one of its rarest treasures. "What is this?" asked one of the party. "That sword, sir," said the custodian, "is the one with which Balaam smote his obstinate ass." "Ass!" retorted the questioner; "why, Scripture does not mention that Balaam had a sword, but only that he wished for one."

"O, sir," was the ready reply, "this is the very sword which Balaam desired to have!" Without laying too much stress upon the authenticity of this sword, we can offer satisfactory proof that England possesses a genuine relic of antiquity, full six centuries older than the age of Balaam, which the late Baron Bunsen justly declared to be "the oldest royal and human remains to which a date can be assigned in the world." In a large glass case, standing in one of the upper chambers of our great National Museum, is to be seen the skeleton, decently encased in its original burial clothes, of one Pharaoh Mykerinus, and surrounded by fragments of the coffin, whereupon the name of its occupants can be easily read by the Egyptologists of the present day; affording thereby conclusive evidence that it once contained the mummy of a king who was reigning in Egypt more than a century before the time of Abraham.

☞ A wealthy old bachelor in Albany, well known for his penuriousness, has about one baby a month left at his door, accompanied with the request that he will "charitably provide for it and bring it up righteously.

☞ A French chemist has discovered a liquid which, when applied to dead bodies, will cause them to become petrified. He has in a private room the dead body of his wife, who is standing on a pedestal, and is as natural as life. The secret is one which he has known for twenty years.

☞ Industry.—"Sam," said a mother to one of her "wery obedient" sons, one day, how many logs have you sawed, eh?" "Why, marm, when I gets this 'un and three others sawed, I'll have four."

☞ "A pair of pretty eyes," said Coxcomb, "are the best mirrors to shave by." "Yes," replied old Hunx, the bachelor, "and I have known many a man shaved by them."

☞ The Pottsville (Pa.) Miners' Journal says that coal is now selling in that region as low as it did in the first year of the war.

☞ Perils of Crinoline.—The other day a man got entangled in the crinoline of a woman who was walking along Ludgate-hill, London, and was thrown to the ground, and so severely injured that death ensued from effusion of blood on the brain.

☞ There are great fears entertained in England that if the cattle disease continues, Hamlet's declaration that the "times are out of *joint*" will be realized.

Kissing.

A witty writer says that a kiss is like creation, because it is made of nothing, and yet it is very good.

A great mistake. A genuine, hearty, honest kiss is made up of everything that is good. It *smacks of truth, of sensibility,* of *delicate sentiment, of genial susceptibilities,* of strong natural *sympathies,* of ingenious *devotion,* of *preference,* of *taste,* of feeling, of an ardent, yet artless nature, obeying the simplest and sweetest instincts of nature, at once bashful and tender, willing to be won needing the winning, yet yielding reluctantly by the natural law that makes coyness a sweet restraint on wooing, stimulating even when it denies, and looking back to be followed, even when it darts away in flight. The first kiss is the down upon the peach, the opening of the rosebud, the blossom of the dawn, the one star of the night, the delight that makes all the future life a dream of Elysium, and hallows the home of memory, even when it no longer harbors love.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouis, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & BANE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

LARGE PROFITS

Can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock of the best quality are furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St. Boston. Send for price list. my12-6t

TAKE AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purify the blood and purge out the humors, pimples, boils and sores which are merely emblems of the rottenness within. my19-2t

From the Lebanon Star.

Dr. Scott, the proprietor and editor of the *Lebanon Star*, is a prominent physician, and State legislator.

"PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the old and well-known remedy, which has acquired a world-wide renown for the cure of sudden colds, coughs, etc., weak stomach, general debility, nursing sore mouth, cankered mouth or throat, liver complaint, dyspepsia or indigestion, cramp and pain in the stomach, bowel complaint, painters' colic, Asiatic cholera, diarrhea and dysentery, has lost none of its good name by repeated trials; but continues to occupy a prominent position in every family medicine chest." my19-2t

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum Scald-head, Rash,	"Teuter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Teuter."
"Itch"	By sending 50 cents to	"Teuter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Teuter."
"Itch"	No. 230 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Teuter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Teuter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Teuter."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eow1f

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find NANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.—These pills relieve the body and the mind simultaneously be effected by the happy change. They remove all obstructions purify the blood, correct depraved humors, invigorate the stomach, and renovate the system. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues firm. Sales comprise about 13,000 bbls at from $8 @ 9 for superfine, $9@10,25 for extra, including 500 bbls Lancaster county family at $10 1/2@11,50; 3000 bbls Northwest family at $10 50@11,75; Penna and Ohio family at from $11@13 and fancy brands at $14@17 ₩ bbl as to quality. Rye Flour, 200 bbls sold at from $5 50@6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues in good demand. Sales comprise about 45,000 bus at 240@250c for common to fair reds; 260@265c for good do; 270@275c for choice, including 6000 bus spring Wheat at 230@ 235c, the latter rate for No 1, and white at from 260 @265c ₩ bus according to quality. Rye, 120 bus Penna sold at from 10 @108c ₩ bus. Corn, about 40 000 bus sold at 81@83c ₩ bus. Oats 18,000 bus sold in lots at from 62@63c for Penna, and 63@64c ₩ bus for light Delaware.

PROVISIONS—There is a fair business doing. New Mess Pork sells in a small way at $31 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams are selling at 20@24c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged. Green meats are in demand. 300 tcs pickled Hams sold at 18 1/2@19, and salt shoulders at 12 1/2@13c ₩ lb. Lard sells at 22@23c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales roll at 40@50c, the latter figure for choice; solid at 27@32c, and Goshen at 45@50c. Eggs are selling at 18c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales comprise about 1250 bales of Middlings in lots, at from 34 1/2@36c ₩ lb.

BARK Quercitron—Small sales of 1st No 1 are making at $29 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at Port Richmond at $6@6,50 for White Ash and $6,25@6,75 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Small sales of prime Western are making at 75@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $5@7 ₩ bbl. The stock of new dried do is low, and sales are making at 16@16c, and old do at 12@14c.

GROCERIES—Coffee continues dull. Sugar—Small sales of Cuba are making at 19 3/4c ₩ lb currency.

HAY—Baled is selling at from $15@16 ₩ ton.

HOPS—New Eastern and Western are in fair demand with sales at 65@75c. Old are dull and quoted at 16@25 ₩ lb, as to quality.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards sell at $28@34, and Hemlock raft at $ 0@20 ₩ M feet.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is out of season, and we hear of no sales. Timothy is quoted at $3,50@4 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is scarce at $2,75@2,80 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum—Sales are making at $2,30 @2,35 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—300 bbls of prime Pennsylvania and refilled sold at $2,--@2,25, and 200 bbls of Ohio in lots, at $2,27@2,28 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11 1/2@11 1/2c ₩ lb for city rendered, and 11c for country.

WOOL—Sales reach about 150,000 lbs, in lots, at from 39 up to 65c ₩ lb for common to fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to $80 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6 1/2@7 1/2c ₩ lb. 12,000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 @14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, WILLIAM NEAL, Jr., to FRANCES C., daughter of Thaddeus Wentworth, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dexter Durborrow, JOHN S. ELLIOTT to JANE E., daughter of the late Wm Saffin, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY R. THOMPSON to Miss LIZZIE L. HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr DANIEL W. BROADBENT to Miss ELIZABETH CRAWSON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, Mr. ISAAC W. KELLER to Miss JENNIE PARE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. Wallace, P. ALBERT SHAEFFER to Miss LIZZIE WALLS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, suddenly, on the 7th instant, HENRY BROWN, a native of London, England, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SUSAN WICKWIRE, in her 63d year.

On the 6th instant, HENRY G. FISHER, in his 62d year.

On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Isaac Childs, in her 67th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN MEREDITH, in her 89th year.

On the 5th instant, LOUIS R. MYERS, in his 59th year.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM A. MADDOCK, Jr., in his 27th year.

On the 4th instant, GEORGE C. BOWEN, Jr., in his 30th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JOHN B. NEAGLE, aged 59 years.

On the 3d instant, JONATHAN RUNCAM, in his 66th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS B. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Headdresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
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Polished Table,	$75
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 22, Albany, N. Y. mar10-3m

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches*
No. 1.—The round of the head	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzs, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway running to and from the depot. The last car leaves Front street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 10 00	"
FAST LINE	" 12 00	M.
PARKESBURG	" 1 00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2 30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	" 5 30	"
ERIE MAIL*	" 9 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

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CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	" 1 10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
PARKESBURG	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12 00	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.40	"
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*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

TICKET OFFICES

Have been opened at No 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as to the West, North-west, and South-west; and full particulars given as to time and connections, by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information respecting routes, as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

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An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. Parents, do not hesitate but send immediately and procure the great ASIATIC REMEDY which has cured thousands of that dreadful disease, Cholera, and which will soon be in your midst (also its causes, symptoms and treatment and proper mode of administration, without the aid of a physician). Delays are dangerous; send fifty cent stamp, and it will be forwarded to you, and you will live to bless S. M. SMITH, M. D., my12-2t Harewood, Maryland.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS. INFLUENZA, DIPHTHERIA.—In inflammatory affections, when no bleeding is permitted, a free use of these Pills soon modifies the alarming symptoms, and perseverance according to the directions, usually quickly cures and certainly nothing is risked in using Brandreth's Pills. For cold, influenza, diphtheria, pains of the head dizziness and apoplexy, no medicine can be compared to them. In erysipelas, fever and ague, small-pox, and in all the diseases of childhood, their use insures a speedy recovery of health. They produce these results simply by taking from the blood its impurities, leaving

THIS VITAL FLUID FREE,

to aid a weak "locality" to recover its proper and necessary "status" or health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS have affinity for the SUBJECT MATTER OF DISEASE,

and cause its

CERTAIN EXPULSION FROM THE BODY.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my5-eow1w

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the cure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS M MERRITT P. O. Box 568, Boston, Mass and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. my5-16t

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LOOK! LOOK!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded in every case. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill. my12-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Place to Get Information.

The following notice, posted upon a Mississippi steamboat, shows that there is no place which offers such opportunities for extending one's fund of general information as on one of those floating palaces which navigate the Father of Waters:

NOTICE.

Any person, or persons, desirous of obtaining information in regard to the distances to the various points along the river—the probable time of reaching them—the length of time the boat will remain—why the boat will not remain longer—if passengers would have time to go to the post-office—the depth of water—the geological, chronological, or agricultural statistics of the country—population, wealth, crops, leading or prominent characteristics of the people; their origin, average height, complexion, color of hair, eyes and eyebrows—nature of disposition, temperament, rate of increase or decrease—number of births, marriages, deaths, or serious attacks of illness—relative proportion of male and female progeny, and the probable reasons therefor—causes of decline in prosperity, and the different ways in which such disasters might have been, and probably would have been, avoided, had they been known at the time—the political, social, and religious peculiarities of the people—their mistakes in belief, and the means of correcting them—the part taken by each individual member in the late unhappy and unnecessary rebellion, and reasons therefor—and, in general, the history and probable destiny of the inhabitants—the character of the stock raised, or to be raised—relative proportion of mules, horses, sheep, hogs, and negroes—development of superior stock—improvements anticipated or deteriorations expected—number of bushels of corn to the acre—quantity of cotton—average size of water melons—height of grass—depth of wells and cisterns—breadth of beam of all the steamers on or near the river and the Gulf of Mexico—how many times the boat stops between any point and any other point, and why—exact distance from Catfish Bend to Skipwith, and thence to the point where the willows project into the river, between Sucker's Point and Skinnykinink—probable time of reaching Vicksburg, and why it cannot be reached sooner—length of time the boat will remain at Vicksburg—amount of measles and cholera-morbus prevalent in Skipwith, and why—the medicines used for the different local complaints, and the proportions of the different ingredients thereof, and the reasons for adopting such proportions, especially in particular cases of aggravated fevers, bilious and remittent, congestions, inflammations and incipient disorders peculiar to the country—the number of individuals annually carried away by yellow fever and cholera in all the different cities, towns, and villages along the river, and whether these dangerous epidemics will appear during the present year or not, and, if not, why they will not—the relative number of men, women, and children generally attacked by chills and fever, and the remedies used—the average amount of freight and produce carried on the boat each trip, the points to which it is carried, the price of carrying it, and whether the boat is always paid promptly for the same—how far the money received from the passengers will pay the expenses of the boat—how many passengers are aboard; their names, history, and destination; their probable business, and their qualifications for attending to the same; whether married or not; if married, how much; if not married, why not; and, in general, all details of information respecting their future hopes and prospects—whether the gentlemen playing cards are professed gamblers or not; if so, how much each one has lost; if not, how much has been won—whether the pilot of the boat is a temperate man or not, and the probable danger of fire or explosion of the boilers, or being sunk, or any other accident—whether the clock is exactly right or not—whether the duties of a steamboat clerk are not exceedingly arduous, and how long each clerk has been thus employed; are they all courteous gentlemen or not; whether he has ever been blown up or sunk, or burnt up, or why—and, in general, all information of a geographical, legal, medical, theological, metaphysical, biographical, historical, geological, anatomical, statistical, astronomical, arithmetical, grammatical, ethical or intellectual character, can be accommodated by calling upon any of the courteous and gentlemanly clerks connected with the boat; or, in their absence, any information will be cheerfully given by the pilot, engineer, mate or deck-hands.

Mark Twain Beards the Fenian in his Lair.

I hunted up an old friend, Dennis McCarthy, who is editor of the new Fenian journal in San Francisco, The Irish People. I found him sitting on a sumptuous candle box, in his shirt sleeves, solacing himself with a whiff at the national dhudeen or cambeen, or whatever they call it—a clay pipe with no stem to speak of. I thought it might flatter him to address him in his native tongue, and so I bowed with considerable grace and said: "Arrah!"

And he said, "Be jabers!"

"Ooh hone!" said I.

"Mavourneen dheelish, acushla machree," replied The McCarthy.

"Erin go bragh," I continued with vivacity.

"Asthore!" responded The McCarthy.

"Tare an' ouns!" said I.

"Bhs dha husth; fag a roghar ha lamo!" said the bold Fenian.

"Ye have me there, be me sowl," said I, "for I'm not 'up' in the niceties of the language, you understand; I only know enough of it to enable me to 'keep my end up' in an ordinary conversation."

WATERING THE WINE.—A Prussian Journal relates a singular fact. In an Israelite community there exists a Rabbi, esteemed and loved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided (upon the suggestion of a rich merchant) to offer the Rabbi a present of a ton of wine, and in order that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine and pour it into the receptacle. The Rabbi received with gratitude the offering, and with much precaution deposited the precious liquor in his cellar. But, oh grief! when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated; instead of wine he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily each had the same idea.

THE PURSUIT OF ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Little Freddy is a very fine child, but to have to amuse him, and compete for the first prize at the Academy at the same time, is rather trying to the patience of our friend Raphael.

The Art of Dunning.

The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject, as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times, a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following:

One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country, begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-clerks, he says:

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, sir. What shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order.

"Write to him at once."

"Certainly, sir: what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out,

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and despatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, enclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened it; and hastening to his desk, he said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied into the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"DEAR SIR—Something or nothing; and that very quick. Yours, &c., ——."

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

Fast Riding.

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that a celebrated racer had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live on my plantation near Port Royal; and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me about a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round the newspaper office, just to take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of running over myself."

☞ A crusty old bachelor says women should be spelt whim-en.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CORN.

By the time this "shall come greeting," farmers everywhere will have their corn crop in, and in a good many instances coming out again bravely, so that the time for talk about preparation and planting of corn fields is gone by for this year. Nevertheless, as the planted crop is yet to be made and harvested, and in some manner disposed of, a little talk upon the subject may be in order. Let us have it here.

In the first place, no farmer anywhere this side of away "out west," where railroad regulators charge the price of three bushels of grain for carrying two to market, need give themselves an uneasy thought as to the price of corn for this year or next, or the year after. Let the corn market drift, where it will, the farmer is safe to win if he bears in mind always that corn changed into pork, beef, mutton, butter, cheese and poultry, is a far more profitable way of disposing of the material than as simply raw corn.

It is not probable that any of these commodities, except butter and cheese, will fall much below the present ruling prices in the five years before us; so that sold in any of those forms, corn will almost to a certainty pay two hundred per cent. on the cost of production, provided always that due economy and industry have been exercised in making the crop.

In Enfield's "*Indian Corn*," published by the Appletons, New York—a work by-the-by that every man, or woman either, intending to raise an acre of corn, or eat an ounce of corn-bread ought to buy and read, and bear in mind, every word of it; we find among many others the following important corn facts:

"But by the use of special manures, by more elaborate disintegration of the soil, and by closer planting, which last is only warranted with copious manuring and deep pulverization, a still lower cost of production might undoubtedly be reached.

"There is a large class of soils in which all the elements of maize are to be found, with the exception of some one or two that happen to be almost entirely absent. In every such instance the application of special manures, if rightly selected, is attended with the highest advantage, not unfrequently doubling the crop at a trifling expense."

As true as Bible gospel, every word of it; and brings us right down to the point we were aiming at. A great many fields of corn are this day planted, the land half fertilized, and with such practice in cultivation as we saw in a great many corn fields last year, they will never produce a paying crop, even changed into beef, and pork, and poultry, or anything else.

In all such cases there is still time for redemption, and if not a maximum, at least above a medium yield, reducing the cost by increasing the crop, from probably sixty-five or seventy cents per bushel, to twenty, or about that figure. The cheapest and most direct cut to such a result with a field planted, and corn putting its head above ground, is early manuring in the hill with special fertilizers. Provide raw-bone phosphate, or pure poudrette, and unleached wood ashes in equal quantities—mix thoroughly, fill a sack for yourself, another for Tom, and one for Jim, too—sling them—over the shoulder—under the arm, open mouth forward—take to the corn field and each one to a row, always leading the charge yourself, and each one jerk a handful of the compost close in about the plants of every hill. Twelve to fifteen acres may thus be got over in a day, and the expense of time and money will be a mere mite compared with the returns it will give. Next after fertilizing, cultivate—hill weeds, disintegrate, pulverize, and—make corn, at a cost of twenty cents per bushel, that will pay you $1,75 put into beef, and pork, and mutton, and poultry. It can be done.

MUSHROOMS.

"*Novice*" has bought a "double brick" of mushroom spawn, and it is something like one of Bulwer's, or the man who drew the elephant—"What will he do with it?" he asks us. Well we can tell him in a minute, and perhaps a good many others at the same time. We have great pleasure in doing so—

Raise mushrooms from those bricks, sir—you can do it—if they are real good bricks, just as easy as you can raise potatoes; only there will be a little more labor and delay.

Under a shed of some sort is the best place to prepare a mushroom bed. Take fresh horse manure, as much as will be needed, place it in a heap under the shed, shake up and fork over, and mix, and turn inside out, once in three days, in order to equalize the temperature all through. In about fifteen days it will be fit to form into a bed, about four feet wide, eighteen inches deep, and as long as you please, beating down and compacting the material with the fork. Then thrust down through the bed in several directions, sticks as "tryers." When these come out after standing five or six hours, no warmer than a fresh laid egg, the temperature is right to put in the spawn. Crumble the "bricks" into particles the size of grains of corn, thrust them down with thumb and finger two inches below the surface—six inches or so apart in rows, cover two inches deep with light, rich soil—smooth and press the surface lightly, and cover with a foot of loose, clean straw.

In about five or six weeks of warm weather mushrooms will begin to peep out. Then remove the straw cover and begin to harvest.

MAKING VEAL.

It is not the best veal, nor the cheapest made that which is made with the richest new milk. The milk that is richest in butter is poorest in *casein*. It is casein, not butter, that fattens, and makes calves grow fastest. Better skim the milk when the cream has two-thirds risen, warm it to its natural, udder heat, and stir in a gill of scalded meal, and a teaspoonful of salt to each quart of milk. That diet will make bigger calves and better veal than butter, or butter milk.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Dr. Raney, of Boston, stated before the Board of Health of that city the other day, that he had found the trichinæ in beef, and informs the public that all swill-fed cattle afford unwholesome beef. So there is, or is going to be, a beef panic at the "Hub."

—— The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that farmers are not required to make returns of the value of produce consumed on the farm. Very good for Secretary McCullough, and—the farmers.

—— Sawdust wet up into dough, with coal tar, moulded into great bricks and calcined under pressure in a closed furnace, is beginning to be used in France as fuel—cheaper, and better than coal. It will be cheaper and better than that over here in three or four years.

—— Sheffield, in England, saws up about 40,000 elephants' tusks into ivory toys and trinkets annually. Sheffield ought to be made the capital of *Tusk* any.

—— "Fruit all killed," people began to sing four months before there was any fruit to be killed. Fruit will be given away by the basket to get rid of it, both in Philadelphia and New York before the autumnal equinox. Somebody will live to see it.

—— They have got a mule *Rinderpest* down South, ben cholera in Italy, hurring plague at New York and eastward, bad butter enough everywhere, and something has happened to the Delaware shad—or the "shadders." Yesterday we purchased a pair for fifty cents—before the war price. A depression somewhere.

—— Reports from Indiana say pretty poor wheat prospect. From six states this side, those who know say there will be great wheat crops, unless cut off between now and harvest time.

—— A pair of fine horses died the other day at Greenville, Pa., from gnawing the bark of a locust tree to which they were hitched. Have not heard whether it was poison, choking, or a clear case of starvation.

—— Snow fell about the western end of Lake Superior during the past winter 70 *feet*—not all at one time, however.

—— The crows in grand council have declared an intensely hot summer inevitable. The down-Delaware muskrats told the truth about the winter—why shouldn't the Jersey crows tell it about the summer?

—— They have got a sharp law lately in York state against cruelty to poor dumb brutes. What the New Yorkers need next is a law against cruelty to poor, sick, and dying human beings—vide the N. Y. papers on quarantine doings.

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut up the fowl; cut each joint, and let it boil 1 hour; then stir in thickening, pepper, salt, and parsley enough to season; put in a few dumplings; let it boil up ½ hour, and serve.

HAM TOAST.—Chop very fine two spoonsful of lean ham that has been cooked, take two spoonsful of veal gravy, a few bread crumbs, and a spoonful of cream. Put all together in a stew-pan, and heat it. Have ready a toast buttered; spread the above upon it, strew a few crumbs over it, and brown it before the fire.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Two tablespoonsful of mustard, the same of vinegar, three tablespoonsful of cream or milk, and one of pounded white sugar, well beaten up together with a small quantity of grated horseradish. This is, of course, to be served up cold.

RUMBLED EGGS.—Beat up three eggs with two ounces of fresh butter, or well-washed salt-butter; add a teaspoonful of cream or new milk. Put all in a saucepan, and keep stirring it over the fire for nearly five minutes, until it rises up like *soufflé*, when it should be immediately dished on buttered toast.

LOBSTER SALAD.—To make a good lobster salad the dressing must be prepared beforehand, in the following manner; Beat three eggs (which should be new laid) with half a pint of the best salad oil; to this mixture, when well amalgamated, add half a pint of best vinegar, about two tablespoonsful of mixed mustard, a very little cayenne pepper, some salt, and half a pint of melted butter, all well and thoroughly beaten together to make a smooth liquid. Well wash and dry perfectly on a cloth two lettuces, cut them up into pieces with the meat of one good lobster, adding a stem of mint (if not disliked,) also three eggs boiled and cut up into dice, and about ten or twelve slices of beetroot. Mix these ingredients thoroughly on the dish, on which they should be heaped up, and pour all over them a sufficient quantity of the dressing to moisten the whole.

PULLED BREAD.—Take the crumb out of a hot loaf of bread, and divide it into rocky-looking pieces by pulling it to pieces quickly with the fingers of both hands; place these pieces on a baking-tin, lined with paper, and bake them over again to a light brown color. Do them in a quick oven to ensure their being very crisp.

RICE BISCUITS.—Two tablespoonsful of rice flour, three of wheaten flour, two of powdered sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut to be rubbed into the flour, as much boiling milk as will scald the mixture. Beat with the rolling pin till short; roll out very thin, and cut into rounds as large as the top of a tumbler. Bake in a very slow oven.

RICE CAKE.—Take six eggs, with their weight in fine sugar, and half their weight in butter, and half also in rice flour, and half in wheaten flour. Whisk the eggs (yolks and whites separately) very light, put them together; add first the sugar, gradually, then the rice flour, then the flour, then the grated rind of half a lemon, last the butter just dissolved, but not hot. Bake an hour and a quarter. This quantity makes two nice-sized cakes.

ALMOND BISCUITS.—The following is a good recipe for dessert biscuits, which are useful things to all housekeepers: One ounce of bitter almonds, five ounces of sweet almonds, one pound of sifted loaf sugar, all well pounded together in a mortar, with the whites of four eggs. Drop the mixture upon paper from a spoon, and bake in rather a cool oven.

TO CLEAN WHITE MARBLE.—A large lump of Spanish whiting must be soaked in water, in which a piece of common washing soda has been dissolved. The quantity of water should be only just enough to moisten the whiting. Take up some of the whiting, now become a paste, on a flannel, and rub the marble well with it, leaving it on for a little while, and repeating the process two or three times, if necessary. Wash it all off with soap and water, dry the marble well, and afterwards polish it with a soft duster. A little of the whiting thus moistened is most useful for washing ornamental china, which must be afterwards well rinsed in soapy water, and will be found to have acquired a very bright polish.

TO WASH COLORED DRESSES.—Take a piece of common yellow soap and cut it into bits; two good handsful of bran, and about the same of ivy leaves; boil it altogether, strain it off, and then wash the dresses; rinse them in cold water, and the color will be permanently fixed; they will only require being washed once in this way. They should not be hung in the air.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 5, 4, 5, is a vehicle.
My 1, 4, 5, is what miners do.
My 1, 2, 5, is an animal.
My 5, 2, 5, is an animal.
My 5, 4, 3, 7, 6, is used with horses.
My whole is what all should do.

Davenport, Iowa. CHARLIE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 4, 1, 3, 2, signifies want.
My 2, 3, 4, is a subterranean shelter.
My 4, 1, 2, is a nick name.
My whole was the most magnificent and delightful place that earth has never known.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Puzzle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A went to B and bought a pair of boots of him, the price being three dollars. A gave him a counterfeit ten dollar bill. B not having the change, went to C and got 10 one-dollar bills of good money for the ten dollar counterfeit bill. A got the boots and the required change and absconded. On the next day C went to B with the counterfeit bill, who redeemed it, giving C 10 dollars, in good money. How much did B lose?

JONAS PIKE.

Middle Fork, Clinton Co., Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three square numbers in arithmetical progression, whose common difference is a cube! MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The slant height of a certain right cone is 113 inches, and its base is 30 inches in diameter. An auger hole being bored through this cone, midway between the base and apex, (the axis of the auger hole intersecting the axis of the cone at right angles,) was found to consume exactly one-half of its solid contents. Required—the diameter of the auger hole. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a square garden, the diagonal of which is 13,185 yards longer than either of its sides. Required—the number of square yards it contains.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The radius of a certain sphere is 3 feet. What is the solid contents of a cylinder that can just be circumscribed about this sphere, considering sphere when within the cylinder as part of it?

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

☞ An answer is requested.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An article of food.
An under teacher.
Part of the eye.
A cotton cloth.
A fierce fish.
An image.
A half.
A poetical name of Ireland.

The initials and finals form the names of two distinguished Major Generals in the Union Army. W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter S like thunder? Ans.—Because it makes our cream sour cream.

☞ What is the most profitable of all business? Ans.—The shoe, for every pair is soled before it is finished.

☞ Why is an ear of wheat and an oak similar in origin? Ans.—Because they both spring from a corn.

☞ Why is the ballad of Cock Robin's death like the letter C? Ans.—Because it makes a clerk of the lark.

☞ Why are A, E, and U, the handsomest of the vowels? Ans.—Because you cannot have beauty without them.

☞ Why is the letter C like a generous fairy? Ans.—Because it turns ash into cash.

☞ Why is a worn-out shoe like ancient Greece? Ans—Because it once had a Solon (sole on.)

☞ Why is a man lifting a side of bacon off a hook to be pitied? Ans.—Because he's a poor creature (pork rancher.)

Answers to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"The glory of the human form is but a perishing thing, and love will droop when its brief grace hath faded."

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of March 3rd—30,644,8475 pounds. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of March 10th—8 hours. G. Bates, J. M. Greenwood, M. Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of March 17th—height of pole 107,7454 feet. M. Stevens, J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Peter Plain's PROBLEM same date—2½ gallons of water. J. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, David Diefenbach, P. F. Greenwood.